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J. Wm Bronscombe 3.0.06

# Northern Messenger

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## The Wonder Work in Wales.

Christianity, the world over, has been profoundly stirred by the wonderful facts of the great revival in Wales. That it is a glorious manifestation of the power of God's Holy Spirit to work through man, no one can doubt. No merely human agency could have brought about such mighty results, it needed the very breath of God to stir the spirits of men as has been done in Wales. The blessing so richly poured out upon the little land has set the hearts of all Christians yearning for some such awakening in their own church homes, and meetings for earnest prayer have been called in every land to which news of the revival has reached. However, much as our churches need a deepening of spiritual life and an awakening to a larger sense of their responsibilities and blessings, it hardly seems as if we in this land could expect a similar expression of God's power. He has many ways of showing forth His grace, and works in this age along the lines most suited to His human agents. The strongly emotional nature of the Welsh people was peculiarly fitted to a revival such as is still bearing fruit in that land, but to the average Christian community in America such outward expression of the deeper feelings would be a thing apart. There are many lessons we can learn from the church in Wales, however, that may teach us wherein we fail and prepare the way for God to work His will.

EVAN ROBERTS.

On frequent occasions in this little land there have been spiritual awakenings from the lassitude into which the church has dropped as well in Wales as elsewhere, and although a superficial observer may have sneered at the seeming drop back to its former state, the church has ever gained deeper strength by these refreshings until it seems to us that surely it has reached to-day a position of the greatest exaltation. No one can stay on the heights forever, and though the church is now glowing with a light which has shone out to every land, we need not be alarmed if after a season it sinks back into its usual sphere of activity. The great factor God has blessed, and has promised everywhere to bless, has been the force of prayer. True hearts in fear of the growing indifference in the church and land at large, were led to God in prayer and there warmed with a greater earnestness have reached out and passed on their blessing. It had to have a beginning, this mighty force, and it found it in those hearts that were awake to the need of closer contact with God. The great keynote of this mighty song of praise has been throughout, 'obedience!' 'Obey' has been the word insisted on. 'If there is anything in your life which you know to be contrary to God's will, cast it out, that there may be room for the blessing. Even if there is anything you fear is displeasing to God, put it from you, and so cleansed He will draw near!' That is the message that has been rung from every speaker, and the ability to do this has been the plea in every prayer. Can we wonder that God should fill what has been so emptied for His sake? We can have no reasonable doubt that if the same devotion to His will were manifest among us to-day we also should 'be filled with His Spirit,' though perhaps not to the same exuberance of expression. Can we sing? Campbell Morgan, on being asked if he thought the revival would spread to London, replied, 'That depends on whether they can sing.' The great flood tide of song that has been rushed through the Welsh hills is one of the greatest features of the movement. Prayer,—can we ask God, truly to bless us, and mean what that conveys? Song,—can we praise God publicly for His mercies both personally and unitedly? Then indeed, God will bless us also, for it is through these means that His grace has been so abundantly given to others.

There have been a number of men whom God has called to be the visible leaders of His work in Wales, pre-eminent among them, Evan Roberts. No mighty oratory, no force of wisdom as this world calls it, has this young servant of heaven employed. He has felt the call of God, and wearied under the burden of souls, he has given himself to prayer and gone forth in obedience. He has been mighty indeed, because he gave place to God, his wisdom is great for it is that 'which cometh down from above.' We can hardly say when this started, but we know that only after 'the fire burned' in many places, did Evan Roberts step forth to carry on the flame to many more. He himself would be the first to deny any claim to power for his message

has always been God's power, God's will. Among the miners in their prayer meeting down in the earth, among the country people in their spontaneous prayer services in the open air, all through the city churches whose buildings were filled to overflowing, has God's spirit been the motive power, and where Evan Roberts comes, he comes to urge yet fuller yielding to the unseen guide.

At the little village of Loughar, eight miles from Swansea, was born this man whom God has so signally used in His service. He was surrounded from birth by influences tending to develop a wholesome Christian character, for both his father and mother felt their responsibility to God in the training of their ten children.

Until the age of twelve Evan was an honest manly schoolboy, obedient and helpful in his cottage home and attentive at school. At that age he started work in the mines by assisting his father who had met with an accident. He was soon put on to the ordinary shift, however, and then commenced a life of regular work. Eight hours out of the twenty-four he spent in the mines, working well and cheerfully, but after hours he did not forget his study and especially the study of his Bible, which he carried always with him. He was very little older when he commenced his first active work for God. Having noticed that the miners' children did not attend the Sunday School, he obtained the use of the vacated mine offices on Sunday, and instituted a class there. He became secretary, and threw himself heart and soul in the work. The mine school was soon known throughout the district, and was later included in the regular Sunday School.

Evan Roberts's intention, and his mother's desire, was that he should become a preacher. He gave himself to work among the miners, and study, more particularly, still, of God's Word, looking for that definite call of God for which he longed.

At the age of twenty—besides his work in the mine and study of serious books at home, he set himself to learn shorthand, and later paid for his own instruction at the work of a blacksmith. He was soon very capable at his work.

Now came the beginning of his real life work. At an earnest prayer meeting he was impressed with the value of prayer, and returning home, prayed long and earnestly. In the morning he told of his decision to enter the Ministers' Training College at Newcastle Emlyn. His mother was overjoyed. His tuition was paid by family contribution, and his own assistance in some of the duties at the college.

He had been there about a year when he received the wonderful call that led him out into his present work. It was during meetings at Blaesannnerch that he was impressed with the necessity of implicit obedience to God's spirit, and obeyed. His faith was crowned, and he went forth to carry the same message to others.

The results of this work are evidenced not alone by the swelling of church membership, the open confession of thousands of converts, but in the practical reformation of business methods and daily life in general. Old debts are paid, questionable pursuits are given up, and Christ is given His rightful place in many and many a business there to-day.

## Taking and Giving Offence.

Half the people in the world have had some friends whom now they know no more, yet with whom they never have had any absolute quarrel.

'There seemed to be some coldness, and we left off seeing each other,' is the excuse, and no more is known, at least on one side. A candid talk might readjust everything; but there is no such talk, and each goes his way with a thorn in his breast—a miserable state of things enough; but a very common one. Ten to one a lie is at the bottom of it; perhaps only a look misinterpreted; perhaps nothing. We all wish that one who is offended with us would candidly state the reason.

To clasp a hand in honest friendship one day, and on the next receive a distant bow and a glance of mysterious reproach, is very hard and often very cruel.

It is a great deal wiser in this world to take and give offence than to bestow or receive good will and friendship. Quoting Shakespeare seems an innocent thing enough: but mortal offence was once given by the line:

'Shake not thy gory locks at me,'

uttered by an individual who had forgotten that the person to whom he spoke had red hair.

Jones, forgetting to introduce Smith to Brown, makes two undying enemies, each believing the other a distinguished personage, to whom Jones was ashamed to present an ordinary individual, like himself.

Bashful girls offend their lovers by trying to conceal the fact that their hearts are touched; and bashful men offend the women they love, out of pure stupidity and terror of them. Old Goldbag's nephew is disinherited because he cannot laugh at his uncle's jokes; and married pairs have parted because of quarrels that had their origin in the color of a glove or the flavor of a pudding. On the whole, we are very lucky if we do not got through the world dropping our friends behind us to mark the way, as Hop-o'-My-Thumb dropped his bread-crumbs on his way to the ogre's mansion.—'Christian Globe.'

# THIS WEEK'S LIST

## of Subscribers Securing Our Daily Jubilee Award.

Probably none of those securing these awards expect them on such small remittances.

We continue to receive daily, most congratulatory letters concerning the 'Witness' Diamond Jubilee, all of which are heartily appreciated. These letters are being reproduced in our columns.

Our friends all over the Dominion are joining with us in celebrating our sixtieth anniversary of the foundation of the 'Witness.' In another place will be found the special Diamond Jubilee club offers, including in addition to reduced rates THE GIFT of one of our Red Letter colored plate illustrated Bibles. One of these handsome books is given each day to the subscriber from whom we receive the largest amount of subscription money (net), for our publications.

The Bibles awarded free appear good value for four dollars.

THIS WEEK'S LIST.

The list of successful club raisers for last week, with the amount of subscriptions each sent in is as follows:—

Tuesday, Jan. 2. Henry Ritchie, New Glasgow, N.S.
Wednesday, Jan. 3rd. Jas. Stewart, Harriston, Ont.
Thursday, Jan. 4th. Harry Walker, Summerside, P.E.I.
Friday, Jan. 5th. Myron Cavers, Tatehurst, Que.
Saturday, Jan. 6th. Agnes Cains, Rockburn, Que.

**Each of the above will receive one of these red letter illustrated Bibles Free, besides their commission.**

(Remittances from news agents or from Sunday School clubs for the "Northern Messenger,' or from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications, do not count in this offer.)

**Who will be the successful subscribers for next week?**

Cowley, Alta., Dec. 25, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Many thanks for your letter and the copy of one of your Red Letter Illustrated Bibles, which arrived last night. It was indeed a pleasant surprise to me to receive such an unexpected Christmas gift. This edition of the Bible is certainly a wonderfully good one in every respect—the type, paper and binding being of the best, while the colored plates are beautifully executed, and well worth an effort on any one's part to secure a copy. I shall certainly do my best to recommend your publications, and trust they may continue to gain the success they so well merit. With all good wishes for the new year,

Yours faithfully,
CECIL ELTON.

Port Hope, Dec. 27, 1905.

Gentlemen,—I thank you for the Bible received a few days ago, and which has not been acknowledged before. It is a beautiful gift, and I am delighted with it. One not behind the scenes cannot understand how you do it.

The 'Witness' is a good old stand-by. I have taken it for fifty years or more, and it is as good as new. I shall help its circulation all I can. Wishing you a prosperous and happy new year.

Respectfully,
JOHN MULLIGAN.

Provincial Normal School Building,
Fredericton, N.B., Jan. 3, 1906.

Gentlemen,—The receipt of your beautiful Red Letter Bible was indeed a pleasant surprise to me. I thank you very much. My club was, indeed, too small to deserve such a prize. And I must confess, though foreseeing that such confession will not appear to my credit, that when I sent the list I was ignorant of the club offer. I was then acting, as I do when opportunity offers, to extend the circulation of the 'Witness' publications. I had 'prize' enough already in the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' to prompt the desire to do more than I did in their interest. I am one of the many interested workers in the cause of education in Canada, in which cause the 'Witness' is a worthy leader. In reading 'Witness' editorials one has, for these days, the somewhat unique feeling that the views there expressed are the honest opinions of the writer, and not certain ideas which somebody else wants expressed. However, the year which has just closed seems to me notable in the more independent and righteous stand taken by American journalism, still 1906 need not mourn for lack of opportunity in that direction. Of the many periodicals I read, the only really indispensable one to me seems the 'World Wide.'

With hearty congratulations on your Diamond Jubilee, and growing expectations for your centennial,

Very truly yours,
GEORGE A. INCH.

Moffatt, Sask., Dec. 29, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—Your Red Letter Bible was a great surprise. I thought the price of the paper paid me well enough for sending the new names with my own, thus getting the dear old 'Witness' into new homes. We have taken your valuable paper for a long time, and got others to send with us, and all were well pleased with it, and giving up other papers, that the 'Witness' might still be kept to the forefront. My father was a subscriber to the 'Witness' for a number of years before he died. He was born in Argyleshire, Scotland. His name was John McArthur. He was in his eighty-fourth year when he died, and your paper was eagerly read by him after he was set aside from a life of activity.

Believe me, ever faithfully yours,
MRS. JOSEPH TETREAU.

## Story of Mrs. Luke.

There is in the too brief autobiography, 'Early Days of My Life,' by Mrs. Luke, the author of the hymn, 'I think when I read,' a beautiful instance of unselfishness. Mrs. Thompson, mother-in-law to Mrs. Luke, wrote to her mother, Lady Barham, with a request from her family that she would allow them to have her portrait painted, and that it would cost only £20. Here is her reply: 'Since I returned home my time has been more than filled up with new-furnishing the chapel which, by contriving it myself, has saved many pounds for the Lord's cause, but it has very greatly fatigued me. Then my child, how can I think £20 a trifle to be spent in recording the features of such a poor worthless old tabernacle! Oh, do consider, my child, the number to whom £20 would be a treasure! I know many Independent ministers in Wales, excellent, godly, devoted men, that, with large families, have only £50 per annum, and two or three only £30, and shall £20 be spent on a portrait of me?'—The Rev. Ed. Starrow.

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## We Thank Thee Lord.

Lord, for the erring thought
Not into evil wrought;
Lord, for the wicked will
Betrayed and baffled still;
For the heart from itself kept,
Our thanksgiving accept.

For ignorant hopes that were
Broken to our blind prayer;
For pain, death, sorrow, sent
Unto our chastisement,
For all loss of seeming good,
Quicken our gratitude.

—W. D. Howells.

## Rasmus, or the Making of a Man.

(By Julia McNair Wright, by special arrangement with the National Temperance Society and Publication House, who hold the American Copyright.)

CHAPTER II—Continued.

'They're another breed. There's men and men. My dad was the kind as get misarculous drunk. I don't know how many there was in all of us children. Seems to me a good many got carried off in a black cart; but I lived, and so did Robin. Robin was eight years younger than I was, and, poor little chap, he had a crooked back. Dad was always over-lovin' to the kids when he was drunk, an' he was carryining of Robin, over he went into the gutter, atop the poor little lad, lyin' across the curb-stone. But Robin had a mighty pretty face, and lots of yellow hair. My father got killed falling off a staging where he was working at a church tower. When a man has to go up into the air a hundred feet or so, he needs pretty steady brains and sure foot, you bet. I don't know as we were any worse off for want of him, poor man. There's dads that don't count for much, worse luck! Robin was three then, and next year mother died, and left him to me. She warned me to take good care of Robin, and she told me most partic'lar never to prig anything lest I'd get into jail and be parted from him. Robin was no end 'fraid of drunken men. He'd scream blue murder if he see one, so that put me against all drink—that and my past troubles with it. Robin was a soft-hearted little man. He'd cry at rough or swearin' words, so I never could swear any. I made our livin' by sellin' little things round the streets—matches, whistles, whirligigs, balloons, all sorts of small truck, and I kept Robin warm and clean, and I think people bought for the sake of his nice little face.

'Two years me and him lived together, and so we'd have gone on, only one rainy day, when I'd left him home, tearing along round a corner, come a team drove by a man whooping drunk, and over me it went, and broke me up pretty well all over. I've heard since if I had been a rich boy, or had friends to do for me, I could have got a fortune in damages out of that; but a poor boy of fourteen isn't up to them dodges. I was knocked senseless, and carried to a hospital, and it was days 'fore I come to. Then all my cry was for Robin, and fearing I'd pine to die, my doctor, a kind young man he was, went off to find him, and he came back and said the people in the house had carried the little chap to a Children's Home. They told me he would get all heart could wish, good things to eat, good bed, playthings, and a suit of clothes, with a yard to play in, and when I got well I could go and see him.

'If I'd had friends, you see, they'd gone to look after Robin and brought me word; but I hadn't, and six long months it was before I got out of hospital, for my doctor took pride in mending me up as good as new. Then they give me a tidy suit, some of 'em, and three dollars, and I made off on directions given to get Robin. Well, I'm blessed, when I got there, says they, they thought I was dead, and Robin had no folks at all, and being he was delicate for fresh air, they'd went and give him away to a man out West who had 'dopted him! They said he was proper well off, and give me his directions; but losing him like that took all the grit out of me, and when I went into the street I was so 'mazed and miserable, that I staggered round a bit, and fell down, and the bobbies came along, and took me to the station-house for drunk. The next day I was up in court, first and last time that ever happened to me. I said my say 'bout the hospital, and me and Robin, and the judge was a kind sort of man, and he said I ought not to been 'rested. But when it came out as I had no home, nor relations, nor money, and not mended quite strong yet, he said that would never do. I must be took care of, or I'd be a wagabone. A big farmer man was there in court, and he said he'd take me if I was bound to him till I was eighteen, and so I was on the spot, and off he takes me. I'd died then, sure, only he took me to the country. I never see flowers and garden sass growing before, nor animals running round loose, and it chirked me up. The folks was very good to me, and wanted me to learn reading, but I didn't take to that, only to working out of doors. My heart was set on Robin, and in two years I saved up ten dollars, and then I ran away to find my little chap. I walked five months, and got clear out into Indianny, and when I got there the folks what had 'dopted him had moved away West for a year, and nobody knew where, and they said he had the little chap, and set store by him, and he was pretty as a picter, only his back. It broke me all up. I hadn't no more spirit to work. I just went wandering 'long, looking for Robin, now here, now there, chasing after all the little chaps I could hear tell of with yellow hair and faces like angels. I've never found him. I've gone everywhere. I've walked over Ohio, Pennsylvany, New York, Indianny, Illinois, and New Jersey. I've picked hops, and dug canals, when I wanted a suit of clothes or a little money for the winter; but so long as I can't find Robin I don't care for money. I've planned, lying out nights, and looking up at the stars, how, if I found him, I'd earn a house and keep him like a gentleman, and have him learn a lot of wisdom; but so long as I don't know if he is alive or dead, what do I care? Only I have been partic'lar not to do a thing that Robin didn't like, so I'd be proper company for him, if ever I found him, poor little chap!'

Rasmus fell into silence, and gloomily eyed the pattern of the carpet. Rod was deeply moved.

'Why not advertise for him? He'd see it in the paper, and answer. That's the way they find people.'

Rasmus started up. 'When can I do it?'

'Little papers round here wouldn't do. It is a big New York paper you want. I say, I'll get my uncle to do it when I get to him.'

'Lood-y,' said Rasmus, 'you're hunting as uncle, and I'm hunting a brother; let's stick together to New York.'

But the answer Rasmus had at that moment was a shriek from all parts of the steamer, 'Fire! Fire!'

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR APPLAUSE.

'When I remember something which I had,
But which is gone, and I must do without,
I wonder sometimes how I can be glad,
Even in cowslip time, when hedges sprout.'

That cry of fire was a tocsin dear to the soul of Rasmus. The love of destruction that seems born in every human heart, had not in him been tempered by the toil of acquisition. As do children, he regarded property rather as a spontaneous growth, than a result of painful processes. A fire gave scope for his herculean strength and rampant energies. Contending against the river, he had thought of his luggage, but challenged by the cry of fire, he flung himself out of the state-room, oblivious alike of bags or 'pardner.'

'Forward—forward all! We are quite safe!' shouted the captain to the crowd of passengers, who were already running wildly about, calling for their friends, snatching after their scattered possessions, or lamenting their fates: women and children screaming, and men giving useless and contradictory directions.

'If the passengers were told to go forward,' thought Rasmus, 'then the fire must be aft'; and thither he rushed. The steamer was already heading for shore, and a cloud of smoke was rising from the lower deck, near the stern, where the luggage of some of the poorer deck passengers had taken fire. Not far from the blazing beds and bundles stood a score of blue barrels containing kerosene. One of these was already flaming outside, when Rasmus appeared above the scene, hanging by one hand and one foot to the railing of the boiler deck. He had thrown off his coat as he came through the saloon, and balancing above the fire he saw that the burning luggage might be thrown overboard, and so possibly render effective the use of the water which the boat hands in line were dipping up in buckets.

'Over with the truck!' he shouted; and letting himself drop into the midst of the fracas, he seized a burning bed, and threw it overboard. His shirt-sleeves caught fire, but he snatched at the next blazing article; and now, two vigorous workers dropped down beside him, the captain and chief steward.

(To be continued.)

## Hector's Breaking In.

They were two rough-looking, large men. They began their cruel work by roughly seizing us young dogs, without one kindly word, and forcing the collars of our new harness over our heads. Then they fastened, as tightly as possible, the strong, moose-skin bands around our bodies. They then jerked us around in a line, and fastened us together in tandem-style. The traces of the last dog in the line they attached to a heavy wood sled. Old Black, a steady old leader-dog, was harnessed and fastened in the front of our train.

Then the drivers shouted: 'Marche! Marche!' to us, and were really foolish enough to think that after such treatment we would move off like old dogs. But we did nothing of the kind. Poor old Black tried to do his duty, but what could one dog do against four stubborn dogs that felt as insulted and indignant as we did?

'Marche! Marche!' they shouted, and while Black tried vainly to advance we four stubborn dogs just planted out our four legs as stiff as pokers, and there we stayed.

The cruel whips of our drivers, who were now furious at us, hissed out, and as they were made of buckskin loaded with shot, they cut into our tender ears, and raised great welts along our sides.

With every report of those heavy whips, which in hands altogether too accustomed to their use rang out like pistol shots, there were shouted:

'Marche! Marche! Majestimuk!' (their word for bad dogs).

In our veins was the blood of the English mastiff as well as that of the Esquimaux, and so under their cruel blows we just lay down in the snow and said by our actions:

'As you have started out in this rough way to conquer us, we will put up a stubborn fight ere we yield.'

The two drivers, who had completely lost their tempers, and were furious that their whippings had so failed to get us to move, then began to cruelly kick us.

Our master, who was really not cruel, as I have said, but only ignorant of dog-nature, now interfered, and none too soon; for one of the brutal drivers in kicking the dog next to Black, so enraged him that he suddenly sprang at him and gave him such a bite in the leg that he did but little dog-driving for many days after.

Thus utterly failed, for that day at least, the efforts of those men to break us in.

Finding that he could not succeed in breaking us in, when thus harnessed all together, the driver, who had secured another half-breed to help him, now tried to see what they could do with us separately. So harnessing us up, one by one, they placed three powerful dogs ahead of us in the train, and one behind to keep us in line.

By this plan, the three strong dogs ahead of us could take us simply off our feet, and pull

us along the trail or through the deep snow.

So when we found ourselves powerless to resist, we just sullenly lay down and let those dogs drag us along. At times they pulled us over rough places, where we were badly hurt, but we took our bruises with the same stubborn obstinacy that we had received the stinging blows.

But I will not prolong the agony by the full recital of those sad days. Suffice to say that one after another of my brothers gave in. I never did.

As a last resort, one day they fastened me to a small sled, and then with a team of four strong dogs in front of me, they dragged me and the sled a couple of miles or so along a forest trail, and there they left me, still harnessed and fastened by my traces to that little sled.

As they left me, one of them said:

'Well, he will have to draw home that little sled or stay here and starve.'

Did I! Not a bit of it! I just waited until dogs and men were out of sight, and then I turned round, and with my sharp teeth I cut off the moose-skin leather traces, and eating them up (for they had been cruelly starving me for some days), I deliberately walked home.

My master, who had been informed by the cruel men of what they had done, saw me coming home, and when he noticed what I had done, he just laughed and laughed. . . .

But a change in my life was at hand—a change so sudden, so sharp, so abrupt, that to this day it seems beyond my thought or powers of explanation.

While my master was watching me eat the second of the two fish which he himself brought out to me, I was half amused, sore and hungry as I was, to notice that he still at times burst into laughter.

While standing there, he was joined by one of the pale-faced race, a gentleman who had on a large fur coat, for the day was very cold,

The two men cordially shook hands with each other, and then, after a few words had passed between them, my master, as far as I could make out, told Ayumeaookemou all about me.

At first the strange gentleman looked sad, as my master told him how stubborn I had been, and how severely the drivers had whipped me in their fruitless efforts to break me in. But when he was told of how I had cut my traces and come home without the sled, they both laughed very heartily at it, and thought it was very clever. Then the stranger came close to me, and when he saw how swollen and wounded my ears were, and noticed the great welts on my sides, he was very indignant, and said:

'What a shame to have such a fine young dog so cruelly treated. When will people learn that dogs can be managed far better by gentleness and kindness than by such brutality?' Then, turning to my master, he said: 'What do you want for that dog?'

'Thirty skins,' replied my master.

'It is a bargain!' said the gentleman. 'Bring him over to the mission at once, and you shall have your pay.'

Thus did I pass into the possession of my present master.

That same evening, my new master, after seeing that my ears and other wounds were washed and oiled, introduced me to his other dogs in his kennels. Then, in their company, began, apart from my young puppy days, the happiest period of my life, and it has continued to this day.—Egerton R. Young's 'Hector, My Dog.'

## Pictorial Testament Premium

A very handsome Pictorial New Testament, just published, with chromographs and engravings from special drawings made in Bible lands by special artists, J. C. Clark and the late H. A. Harper. The book is neatly bound in leather, round corners, gilt edge, well printed on fine thin paper, making a handsome book. The colored plates contained in this edition are particularly fine.

Any subscriber to the 'Messenger' can secure this book by sending four new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each, or six renewal subscriptions at forty cents each.

## The House God Made From a Fiddle.

A True Story.

Did you ever hear of a Sabbath school in a cellar? Well, I know of one that was started in a cellar of a tobacco barn in the mountains of North Carolina.

When it rained the children would have to raise their rude benches on large rocks to keep their feet out of the water. No rain ever kept them at home. Sabbath after Sabbath they trudged over the steep mountain path to listen to the beautiful stories that 'Miss Jennie' was sure to tell them, and to see the bright pictures on the chart.

Such poor children they were! But Miss Jennie had told them of the beautiful home that was to be theirs some day, and of the white robes they should wear because Jesus had died for them. She had told them of how God loved all little children, and that one way to work for Him and please Him was to help Him take care of them, and had taught them the verse,

'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'

Not far from the tobacco barn stood a small orphanage, and Miss Jennie told the children that perhaps they could help to feed the fatherless, motherless little ones there, and a certain Sabbath was appointed for them to bring anything they could for the orphanage basket.

'Now, what verse did we have last Sabbath?' the teacher had asked, and little Delia Ann had repeated slowly and shyly:

'In-as-much—as—you did it to—to one of my brothers—you did it to me.'

'That was almost exactly right, Delia Ann. Now, who can tell us what it means?'

'I kin,' said Joe,' 'It means when a feller gives somethin' to another feller 'cause he belongs to God, why—er—why, God thinks as it's jis' as good's if a feller had gin it to him, 'cause he loves both fellers a lot.'

'Well, then, we must remember that when we give our things to these children it is giving to God, and He will be glad to have even the least little thing you can bring.'

The great Sabbath afternoon came, bringing every child with a little bundle all ready for the big basket—'God's basket,' they called it.

'I brung three cabbages,' said Billy proudly. 'What did you uns bring?'

'I've got half peck of I'sh taters,' shouted Jim.

'They kin have enough corn for once,' said Emma, as she displayed the contents of the basket on her arm.

One by one, the children told what the curiously shaped packages and little baskets contained—all except little Delia Ann, the shabbiest one of them all.

She stood apart from the others, looked on with great grey eyes filled with tears which finally overflowed, while the hand which clasped her tiny bundle was hidden behind her.

'Now Delia Ann, show yer hand quick,' said Jim.

The tears fell faster, and the child made no reply until Miss Jennie turned to her with a smile.

'I—I ain't got nothin' but—but—one tater I saved yistiddy, Miss Jennie. Dad wouldn't give me nothin', but I didn't eat my tater so's I could give God that,' she sobbed.

Miss Jennie's eyes were wet as she put her arms around the child.

'God thinks you have brought a good deal, Delia Ann, because you've given Him what you wanted yourself. Now, let's put everything in the basket, and then we'll take it over to Mrs. Bailey for her children.'

They were crowding eagerly around the basket when a familiar sound caused Miss Jennie to look up with a smile of welcome.

The newcomer dragged himself slowly along. He was a man of about thirty-five years of age, but the face wore the expression of a child of twelve. He was partially paralyzed, and could use only one hand with which he whittled small toys out of soft pine, and now he carried under one arm, a small fiddle he had made—his most cherished possession.

He fixed his childlike eyes on the basket in the midst of the eager children.

'What's that for?' he asked.

'We're having such a nice time, Mr. Rafe,' answered Miss Jennie. 'We are going to help God take care of His children at the Orphanage. We have all brought something for them to eat, and we're going to take the basket over soon.'

'It's givin', it to God, too, Miss Jennie said so,' said Delia Ann, shyly.

'Are you sure 'nough?'

'Yes, Mr. Rafe, God counts it all for Him.'

'Wisht I had somethin,', said the cripple, wistfully.

'Never mind. You can help next time,' said the teacher, with her bright smile.

Mr. Rafe looked on quietly for a few minutes while the children filled the basket; then his eyes brightened.

'Miss Jennie,' he said eagerly, 'did you say as how God could do anything?'

'Yes, Mr. Rafe.'

'Anything?'

'Yes, anything that He sees is best to do.'

'Could he make a house out of a fiddle?'

'Yes, I think He could,' answered Miss Jennie, without hesitation.

'Well, then, I'm goin' to give Him my fiddle, and I want Him to make a home out of it for poor, cripple boys like me.'

Limping slowly forward, he laid his beloved fiddle on top of the pile of vegetables.

The heavy basket was proudly carried by the children in turn and gladly received and heartily enjoyed by those at the little orphanage. But what became of the fiddle.

Miss Jennie gained possession of it the next day, and told its story to a minister in Asheville. He used it in a sermon, at the close of which three hundred dollars was collected for a home for crippled boys.

After a while the little house was built among the mountains—the house God made from a fiddle.—Miss Callie L. Edmunds, in 'Christian Observer.'

## The Magnetism of Sunshiny Nature.

Enthusiasm in life is the great generation of sunshine. Without a living interest in the busy world, and that sympathy of feeling which connects us with every other living being, we can not infuse any warmth into our manners, or bring others into sympathy with us. Helen Keller, whose sunshiny soul is as sensitive to impressions as a delicate flower is to atmosphere, in her 'Story of My Life,' writes:

'The touch of a hand may seem an impertinence, while that of another is like a benediction. I have met people so empty of joy that when I clasped their frosty finger-tips, it seems as if I were shaking hands with a north-east storm. Others there are whose fingers have sunbeams in them; their grasp warms my heart.'

It is as natural for us to be attracted toward sunshiny natures as it is for flowers to run toward the sun. In spite of a life of almost constant illness Robert Louis Stevenson charmed all who came under his influence by his spontaneous cheerfulness and absolute freedom from all shadow of bitterness or repining. He found the key-note of each day in this simple prayer, born of his own inspiration: 'The day returns, and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting-beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep.'—'Success.'

## What a Book Said.

'Once upon a time' a Book was overheard talking to a little boy who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed to be seen when the next little boy borrowed me.

'Or leave me out in the rain. Books can catch colds as well as children.

'Or make marks on me with your pen or pencil, it would spoil my looks.

'Or lean on me with your elbows when you are reading me. It hurts.

'Or open me and lay me face down on the

table. You wouldn't like to be treated so.

'Or put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

'When you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place don't turn down the corner of one of my leaves, but have a neat little Book Mark to put in where you stopped, and then close me and lay me down on my side so that I can have a good comfortable rest.

'Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.'—Selected.

## Upon a Crutch.

Upon a crutch—her girlish face
Alight with love and tender grace
Laughing she limps from place to place
Upon a crutch.

And you and I, who journey through
A rose-leaf world of dawn and dew,
We cry to heaven overmuch.

We rail and frown at fate, while she
And many more in agony
Are brave and patient, strong and true,
Upon a crutch.

—Robert Loveman.

## The Sprite of the Maple-wood.

(Leigh A. Safford, in the 'Homestead.')

'John Williams,' I said sternly, 'what have you there?'

The big maltese cat slowly arose from his easy position on the lawn and looked up at me with a grieved expression in his eyes. Injured dignity reproached me in his solemn face, and injured dignity vibrated in the tip of his tail, sky-poised and majestic. Silently he looked at me.

'Now don't pretend that you have forgotten that last whipping I gave you for bringing in chipmunks. I didn't think it of you, sir.'

John Williams solemnly replied 'Prrrr-meou.'

'Now John—why, it's a flying squirrel!'

Stooping down I picked up the little velvety object and smoothed its soft gray coat with my finger tips. The creature stirred suddenly and set its teeth into the fleshy part of my thumb. As dexterously as possible, I caught the tiny assailant by the loose skin back of the neck, gently choking him until he gasped for breath and let go his painful grip, and then I marched into the woodshed with my new acquisition, followed at a short distance by John Williams, triumphantly vindicated of the chipmunk charge, majestically waving his tail in the most complacent and approved manner.

In the empty white mouse cage I put the little squirrel, and named him Chief Tiny, for his princely manners. He was much smaller than a full grown chipmunk, slender, gray, silky-furred, with a round chubby face expressive of much more intelligence than most rodents possesss. The most curious thing about this species of squirrel is the web of wonderfully expansive skin stretching from each hind leg to the corresponding fore leg. When the animal wishes to leap from one tree to the top of another, he simply spreads out this wing-like membrane and sails like a bird across distances up to 100 feet. The flying squirrel is semi-nocturnal in habits, and this fact is responsible for its being so little observed. The little rodent is really very common, throughout North America.

In spite of his hostile greeting at our first introduction, Chief Tiny proved to have a very affectionate disposition, and within three days developed so great a fondness for captivity that I gave him the right to go where he pleased, and his new home seemed to please him very well, for he never evinced any desire to run away. Along with Micky, the bat, and half a dozen other strange pets, he made his headquarters in the old unfinished shed chamber and drowsed through the sunlit hours in the big pocket of my yellow shooting jacket which hung from a sloping rafter. If disturbed, he only curled up tighter and refused to open his eyes unless the interruption was kept up beyond the limits of flying squirrel etiquette. Then a gentle nip would give warning of the sharp teeth ready to punish if the matter went too far.

At that hour of the early summer evening when sunset glories are fading in the sky and dusk creeps up from the east, when frogs begin their bass rumblings along the cove, and white mists rise ghost-like from the silent water, out would spring Chief Tiny from his cosy nest. His day had begun. Along the bark rafters he would run, out on the sill of the broken window, and poise there looking down at the verandah where I sat. With a gleam of mischief in his soft dark eyes, he would leap 60 feet to my shoulder, drop here precisely, and before I could recover from the start it gave me, he would be eating linden seed and beech nuts from a vest pocket set apart for his own particular use. By the way, I suspect strongly that much of his fondness for me was due to that pocket of nuts.

He was a dainty eater, was Chief Tiny, dainty as a wood sprite in all his ways, and two or three nuts were a mighty feast for him. While he was satisfying his Liliputian appetite, his dark, intelligent eyes would keep twinkling up at me in half comic interest, as if to say, 'You're a funny kind of a beech nut tree.'

The Chief had beautiful eyes. Big and soft and brown they were, with a trimming of dark lashes, the miniature of other eyes I once knew and still remember. Sometimes, in the twilight, I would look into his eyes, and, forgetting, stroke his head lingeringly, calling him by a name not his own. Then again he would sit and watch me with the trustful wondering gaze of the wild thing strange to man, and once a presentiment came to me and I murmured, 'Your home is not here, oh best loved of pets, and sometime you will hear the wood-call, and be with me no more.' But the discourteous pickpocket already had his head in my vest again, and did not hear me.

After supper the Chief was ready for play, and many a merry war did he wage with the half-grown kittens that romped in the yard. Although disproportionately smaller than his antagonists, the little squirrel was absolutely fearless, and his quickness made him more than a match for them all. On a favorite perch at the tip of the barn gable, he would lie in wait to swoop down at the most unexpected times, and he would be away before the kittens could recover to return his playful buffets. After a few of these mysterious attacks, they grew timid and sped for shelter at the very sight of the squirrel. All this time John Williams would sit by, mindful of my threats, but watching, watching, with a look in his eyes that seemed to say: 'Just the same, I believe that thing is good to eat.'

Before Chief Tiny had been many weeks my friend, there came an evening when the little gray-velvet creature failed to appear upon the verandah at his accustomed hour. Missing his presence, which had grown to be as much a part of my evening's enjoyment as my easy chair, I whistled the peculiar call which was wont to bring him sailing from the attic window to his nightly feast and frolic. Again and again I puckered my lips in vain, and then I softly crept up the old chamber stairs and felt in the big pocket. It was empty.

When the next night came, and the next, and the next, with no sign of the lost pet, I sadly gave up the quest, half suspecting that John Williams knew something of the matter.

'John,' I said, very sternly this time. 'John, did you touch Chief Tiny?'

John Williams, stretched out at the foot of the piazza stairs, blinked lazily at me, arose slowly, and stalked into the garden.

There are days in midsummer when the woods call to me softly, sweetly, compellingly. On such an afternoon, when the sun broke through the clouds and a breeze shook the fresh rain drops pattering from the trees. I threw aside my pen, donned cap and jacket, and hied me to the forest. In the shimmer of the beechwood vireos were singing, a scarlet tanager poured out his exotic melody from the top of a maple, thrushes were calling in the far distance. All that afternoon I wandered, blissfully forgetful of time or care, knowing only that I was where I loved best to be, and when night was at hand I found myself sitting on a rock close by the wood's edge, some distance from home. Just above me, the maple wood left the steep slope of the mountain side and thinned away into freshly cleared pasture, and far down the valley I could see the river coiled beneath the night-mist. In the twilight, moist with recent rains, the distant tinkle of a cow bell came to my ears with that sense of harmony which all things gain from association with nature. It was the ripest hour of the day, and I reached for my pipe, thinking to sit there awhile, when suddenly something fell lightly upon my shoulder and a little gray creature slipped into my pocket.

'Chief Tiny! Where have you been?' I cried gladly.

Lovingly he lingered, rubbing his soft furry head against my face, then leaped down and was gone, back to his home in the woods above. So the big maltese cat was proven blameless, and when I reached home I apologized with a dish of milk. John Williams, being of a generous nature, accepted the apology.

## What is Dying?

I am standing upon the seashore. A ship at my side spreads her white sails to the morning breeze and starts for the blue ocean. She is an object of beauty and strength and I stand and watch her until, at length, she hangs like a speck of white cloud just where the sea and sky come down to mingle with each other. Then some one at my side says: 'There! she's gone! 'Gone where? Gone from my sight—that is all. She is just as large in mast and hull and spar as she was when she left my side, and just as able to bear her load of living freight to the place of her destination. Her diminished size is in me—and not in her.

And just at the moment when some one at my side says: 'There! she's gone!' there are other eyes that are watching her coming, and other voices ready to take up the glad shout, 'There she comes!'

And that is—'dying.'—'International Sunday School Evangel.'

## Gems.

'It takes an immense amount of grace to sit down by the roadside and see the procession march by when one still longs to be in the van, stepping out after the drums and thrilling at the call of the bugles.'

It is nothing to a man to be greater or less than another, to be esteemed, or otherwise, by the public or private world in which he moves. Does he, or does he not, behold and love and live the unchangeable, the essential, the divine?—George MacDonald.

## Lynda's Influence.

(Mary Spaulding Hatch, in the Michigan 'Christian Advocate.')

'Come, girls; now that Nannie has come over, let's go into the parlor and have some music.'

'All right! All right!' was the responsive chorus.

'Nannie, Kate and I have a new duet—it's so lively and pretty. Let's take along our fudge—you certainly know how to make it, Lynda,' said Evylin.

'Yes, Lynda does know—she does everything well. Now, I've watched her, and have made it by her recipe, but I don't have anywhere near such success as a candy maker,' said Kate.

'It's a knack—a real talent, in fact,' commented mother; then she added, 'Why, you are not taking all the fudge, are you, girls?'

'Why, the idea!' exclaimed Kate, turning back and leaving a generous portion on the kitchen table for Lynda. 'How could we be so thoughtless—after you have been so kind to make it, too.'

'Never mind. I don't care for it—I really don't,' answered Lynda; but Kate laughingly pressed a piece between her teeth; then followed the gay group into the parlor.

Lynda watched them with wistful eyes; then she turned to the table, wiped off the bits of candy and sugar, washed and put

away the utensils that had been used in the preparation of the fudge, and sat down to rest before the stove.

The cool fall evening had been so suggestive of the long winter evenings to come that the vivacious Kate had proposed a 'cosy up' evening; and it had begun by the girls coaxing Lynda to make their favorite fudge for them.

Lynda was very tired, for the day had been a very busy one, as most days were in the household of Mrs. Myler; and Lynda was the only domestic help. She had never 'worked out' before; but it was a necessity, since Lynda's parents were very poor, and Lynda was working to earn sufficient to buy clothes that she might complete her course through the high school. Although she was treated quite as an equal in her employer's family, she was not the girl to assert herself, and was liked all the better for her modesty. To-night she was tired and homesick; so when she was left alone it was not wonderful that she felt slighted; all the more so, that out of pure kindness she had kept about on her weary feet to make the candy for the girls; then when Nannie came in they had forgotten all about her, and gone off into the parlor to enjoy themselves. She longed to go, too, for she loved music; and its soothing influence always rested her.

So she was musing in a minor key when Mrs. Myler came into the room. 'Why,' she exclaimed, 'why, Lynda, are you all alone, and without a light, too? I have been up stairs putting the little ones to bed, and thought you were having a good time with the girls until I looked into the parlor. Are you sleepy?'

'No, ma'am, not exactly.'

Mrs. Myler was interested in Lynda, because she respected her and the ambition that made her willing to work in order to fulfill it; so her motherly heart made her keen to detect the note of sadness in Lynda's voice. She lighted a lamp, meanwhile saying brightly, 'The candy was a great success, wasn't it?'

'Yes; they—they like my candy.'

'Come into the sitting-room with me, dear. We can talk there while I do a little sewing, and if we wish we can open the door into the parlor and listen to the music. Bring along some of the candy, too, for I want a bite now and then.'

Lynda obeyed with a sigh of relief, for Mrs. Myler always made her feel brighter when she was inclined to be blue.

'Do you know, Lynda, that you are getting a great reputation in this family for doing things—everything you undertake—well?'

Lynda opened her eyes wide. 'No, ma'am, I didn't know; but I feel that if I succeed I must always try to do my best.'

'You will succeed, my girl; but you need to train yourself to a more cheerful disposition. I hope you don't mind my speaking to you very frankly about this; for it is your one failing—your inclination to low spirits; and it will grow upon you unless you continually and determinedly resist this habit. Yes; I know it is hard to work and wait for what we want, especially when we feel alone and neglected.'

Lynda's eyes filled with tears. 'Oh, it isn't that altogether, Mrs. Myler,' she replied. 'I do get blue sometimes, and think that—that people might be more thoughtful; but—but it's being where I can't have any influence for good. I wouldn't mind the work here, really; for you are very kind; and I do like to be with the girls, not only for their company, but I like to—to lead them in some ways—to have an uplifting influence, you know. I love that better than anything else. I think I shall be a teacher some day, or, maybe, engage in some kind of mission work.'

'It is a noble ambition; but, Lynda, you are much mistaken if you think you are not wielding an influence right here in my family. One has an influence in the lowliest position, remember. Why, only the other day I heard Mr. Myler tell Kate that he wished she would take lessons of you in thoroughness; and for myself, I must say that our domestic machinery never ran so smoothly as it has since you came here. It is quite a record for so young a girl.'

'Oh, Mrs. Myler, I thank you so much for telling me,' Lynda almost sobbed with glad emotion. 'I certainly will try to deserve your good opinion of me.'

'Listen!' Mrs. Myler raised her finger smilingly, turning toward the parlor door that had swung half open.

There was a lull in the music, and Lynda heard her own name; then she heard Nannie's voice say: 'Well, I think it is very unusual for a servant—'

'Oh, we don't call Lynda a servant,' interrupted Evylin, 'though father says the word is too good a one to be perverted as it has been. However, Lynda seems wonderful to me; and we all love her almost as if she belonged to the family. You ought to hear what father and mother say of her. I wish they could say the same of me.'

'Well, don't let her know, or it will spoil her.'

'I think you are mistaken there, too, Nannie. Lynda is not made of spoilable material; and what we shall do when she goes away—it just makes me sick to think of it; but one thing certain, however, she has taught me how to be more useful at home.'

The music went on. Lynda took up her lamp, and bade Mrs. Myler a grateful good-night, although she could hardly speak.

Mrs. Myler smiled a cheerful, hopeful smile that was a benediction; for the good lady understood that Lynda's heart was too full for expression.

## What He Couldn't Sell.

A gentleman was walking with his little boy at the close of the day, and in passing the cottage of a German laborer, the boy's attention was attracted to the dog. It was not a King Charles, nor a black-and-tan, but a common cur, and still, the boy took a fancy to him, and wanted papa to buy him.

Just then the owner of the dog came home from his labors and was met by the dog with every demonstration of joy. The gentleman said to the owner:

'My little boy has taken a fancy to your dog, and I will buy him. What do you want for him?'

'I can't sell that dog,' said the German.

'Look here,' said the gentleman, 'that is a poor dog, but as my boy wants him, I will give you a sovereign for him.'

'Yaas,' said the German, 'I knows he is a very poor dog, and he ain't wort' almost nottins', but dere is von lettle ding mit dat dog vat I can't sell—I can't sell de vag of his tail ven I comes home at night.'—Selected.

## How not to Feel Mean.

Looking down on people is the surest way to feel 'down' and to get down. The force of gravitation is a mighty pull just here. But looking up at people has just as powerful an uplift as the other has downpull. The spoken word or the unspoken thought of condemnation of another leaves about as mean a feeling in the one from whom it comes as anything can. A hearty word of deserved praise makes at least two people glow with warmth and new life. Dr. Gosse well says: 'We are always abased by looking down upon our fellow men, but elevated by looking up at them.' And the person does not live in whom we cannot find something well worth looking up to.—'Sunday School Times.'

## The Emperor of Korea.

Most bad and vicious rulers have had at least the redeeming virtue of personal courage; but the Emperor of Korea is not only bad, but weak and cowardly. Shortly after the murder of the Queen he moved into a palace in the Chongdong quarter of Seoul, where he was surrounded with foreign legations, and where he thought he would have the latter's protection. In this new place of residence he has changed all his habits of life in the hope of escaping danger. Fearing assassination in the hours of darkness, he sits up all night, talking with courtiers, eunuchs, and sorcerers, and goes to bed only when returning daylight gives him a feeling of personal security. He eats his breakfast just before sunset, takes dinner at one o'clock in the morning, and sups when the other residents of the capital are beginning to get up—for this practice he has followed for years. For some weeks after the assassination of the Queen he was so afraid of being poisoned that he would eat no food except that which had been brought in a locked chest from the kitchen of an American missionary. He never ventures outside the walled and strongly guarded inclosure of the palace, and spends most of his time in a room eight or ten feet square, which is situated in the midst of other rooms, and which is so close and damp that, in spite of its floor-covering of oiled paper, it often has to be dried out by artificial heat, even in the sultry dog-days of midsummer. In this hot, damp cubby-hole the Emperor, surrounded by his attendants, feels comparatively safe; and there he virtually lives from one year's end to another.—George Kennan in the 'Outlook.'

## A Story of my Childhood.

(By an ex-Pastor.)

When a fatherless little boy living with my grandparents I often went to a neighbor's to play with another little boy about my own age. As we seldom disagreed in our sports we had delightful times. For somehow we had fallen into the way of thinking that what either of us wanted to do was the nicest thing to do.

But once in the early autumn I went to see my little friend Alexander and we had a real angry and serious quarrel.

His father and mother were full-blooded Scotch. My mother was full-blooded English, and the rest of my blood was like a great many other people's, a little of all kind and not much of any kind. His Scotch blood run up to fever height in anger; my English blood run up as high as it could. The more we tried to settle our disagreements, the madder we grew.

At last we decided to go into a lot of about two acres on his father's farm, surrounded by woods, so we would be out of sight and fight it out.

A wood road of about a quarter of a mile led to the place. We walked up that road together, sullen and silent. Every step seemed to intensify the feeling of anger within us.

Having reached the field we selected a spot, laid aside our coats, and then stood face to face with clenched fists for the fight. I suppose he meant to strike me as hard as he could. I know I did him.

There we stood ready. But just as we were to strike the first blow one of us spoke a kind word. What a wonderful change came over us!

I cannot tell whether it was he or I spoke the kind word, but as soon as it was said the corded muscles in our arms relaxed their tension, our clenched fists opened, and our arms fell by our sides.

We looked at each other in tenderness and then in love, we embraced each other as brothers.

We put on our coats and walked back down that wood road as happy as any two happy boys you ever saw.

When I returned home grandfather and grandmother looked so good and seemed so kind.

At bed-time with joy in my heart, though my cot was in the chamber of a log house, I laid me down and slept peacefully.

But this is not the whole of my story. In the early winter after the first snow had fallen, my dear little friend, Alexander Barr, was playing with his hand-sled in his father's barn-yard. While at his innocent play his father's colt kicked him. He was found apparently at the point of death. Loving hands tenderly raised him up and carried him into the house. For a few days life lingered, flickering like the last flickering of a candle, but he never recovered his consciousness.

Day after day I went over to inquire after my dear friend. I did so wish he might get well.

I do not recollect what the minister said at his funeral, but I do remember how his father and mother, his brother and two sisters stood around the casket and looked at the darling boy.

As he lay there so peacefully in his little coffin, I looked at his sweet face and thought, I was so glad we didn't fight. My tears were tears of joy.

If this narration will help anyone, especially some little boy, to speak a kind word to disarm anger of its power to do evil I shall be glad I wrote it out.

## The Christmas Stocking.

By Elizabeth Wetherell, (author of 'The Wide, Wide World.')

(Continued)

'The boy was quiet enough now. While Mr. Swift had been speaking he raised himself from the floor, half up, and had stopped sobbing, and was looking at Long Ears and gently touching his curly head; who, on his part, was lapping the milk with an eagerness as if he had wanted it for some time. Norman's tears fell yet, but they fell quietly. By the time the little dog had finished the milk they did not fall at all. Till then nobody said anything.

'"Come for it every morning again, my child," said Mrs. Meadow softly; "I'll give it to you. What a dear little fellow he is! I don't wonder you love him. He shall have milk enough."

'Norman looked up gratefully and with a little bit of a smile.

'"You don't look very strong, my boy," said Mrs. Meadow. "You don't feel well, do you?"

'He shook his head, as if it was a matter beyond his understanding.

'"Are you tired?"

'His eyes gave token of understanding that. "Yes, I'm tired."

'Norman came after that every morning for the dog's milk; and many a Sunday he and Long Ears passed part of the time with Mrs. Meadow; and many a reading he listened to there as he had listened to the first one. He didn't talk much. He was always near his little dog, and he seemed quietly to enjoy everything at those times.

As the summer changed into autumn, and autumn gave way to winter, Norman's little face seemed to grow better-looking, all the while it was growing more pale, and his little body more slim. It grew to be a contented, very quiet and patient face, and his eye took a clearness and openness it did not use to have, though he was never a bad-looking child. "He won't live long," Mrs. Meadow said, after every Sunday.

'The little white dog all this while grew more white and curly and bright-eyed every day; or they all thought so.

'It was not till some time in January that at last Norman stopped coming for milk, and did not go by to the factory any more. It was in a severe bit of weather, when Mrs. Meadow was shut up with a bad cold; and some days were gone before she or Silky could get any news of him. Then, one cold evening, his mother came for milk, and to say that Norman was very ill and would like to see Silky and Mrs. Meadow.

'They got ready directly. Silky put her purse in her pocket, as she generally did when she was going to see poor people, and, wrapping up warm with cloaks and shawls and hoods, she and her mother set out. It was just sunset of a winter's day, clear enough, but uncommonly cold.

'Silky was trembling all over by the time they stopped at one of the brick dwelling-houses and went in. The front door stood open; nobody minded that; it was nobody's business to shut it. They went in, through a dirty entry, and up stairs that nobody ever thought of cleaning, to the third story. There Mrs. Meadow first knocked, and then gently opened the door. A man was there, sitting over the fire; a wretched tallow light on the table hardly showed what he looked like. Mrs. Meadow spoke with her usual pleasantness.

'"Good evening, Mr. Finch. Can I see little Norman?"

'"Yes—I suppose so," the man said, in a gruff voice, and pointing to another door; "they're in yonder."

'It was so dark, hardly anything could be seen. A woman rose up from some corner—it proved to be Mrs. Finch—and went for the light.

'The room was ill-lighted when the candle was in it, but there could be seen two beds; one raised on some sort of a bedstead, the other on the floor in a corner. No fire was in this room, and the bed was covered with all sorts of coverings; a torn quilt, an old great-coat, a small ragged worsted shawl, and Norman's own poor little jacket and trousers. But on these, close within reach of the boy's hand, lay curled the little dog; his glossy white hair and soft outlines making a strange contrast with the rags and poverty and ugliness of the place.

'Norman did not look much changed, except that his face was so very pale it seemed as if he had no more blood to leave it. Mrs. Meadow and Silky came near, and neither of them at first went forward to speak. Mrs. Finch stood holding the light. Then Mrs. Meadow stooped down by the bed's head.

'"Little Norman," she said—and you could tell her heart was full of tears—"do you know me?"

'"I know you," he said, in a weak voice, and with a little bit of a smile.

Norman stroked and stroked his little dog's silky head.

'"Poor Long-Ears!" said he faintly; "poor Long Ears!—I can't take care of you now. Poor Long Ears! you're hungry. He hasn't had anything to eat since—since—mother?"

'"He don't know how time goes," said Mrs. Finch, who had not before spoken. "The dog hasn't had a sup of anything since the day before yesterday. He has a right to be hungry. I don't know what he lives on. My husband don't care whether anything lives or not."

'Silky had not said a word, and she didn't now, but she brought out that same little tin pail from under her cloak, and set it down on the floor. Norman's eyes brightened. But the dog could not be coaxed to quit the bed; he would set only his two fore-feet on the floor, and so drank the milk out of the pail. Norman watched him, almost with a smile. And when the dog, having left the milk, curled himself down again in his old place, and looked into his master's face, Norman quite smiled.

'"Poor Long Ears!" he said, patting him again with a feeble hand. "I'm going to leave you—what will you do?"

'"I'll take care of him, Norman,' said Mrs. Meadow. "As long as he lives, if you wish."

'Norman signed for her to put her ear down to him, and said earnestly:

'"I give him to you—you keep him. Will you?"

'"Then you'll have milk enough, dear little Long Ears," said Norman. "But," he said eagerly to Mrs. Meadow, "you must take him home with you to-night—I'm afraid father will do something with him, if you don't."

'"How do you do?"

'"Very well," he said, in the same manner. "I am going now."

'"Where, dear?"

'"You know—to that good place. Jesus will take me, won't He?"

'"What makes you think you're going, dear?" said Mrs. Meadow.

'"I can't stay," said Norman, shutting his eyes. He opened them again immediately. I'm going," he said. "I'm so tired. I sha'n't be tired there, shall I?"

'"No, dear," said Mrs. Meadow, whose power of speech was like to fail her. She kept wiping her face with her pocket handkerchief.

'"You will want him," said Mrs. Meadow.

'"No, I won't. Father will do something with him."

'"Then I'll take him, and keep him, dear, as if he was yourself," said Mrs. Meadow.

'"I won't want him," said Norman, shutting his eyes again; "I'm going."

'And he never opened them again. It seemed that having his mind easy about his pet, and having seen his friends, he wanted nothing more on this earth.

(To be continued.)

# LITTLE FOLKS

## Polly's Pouts.

Polly was really not a bad little girl, but she often had spells of pouting. Perhaps there are other little girls (and boys, too) who have formed the same bad habit. If so, let them read this story.

Now, Polly was the only child of a pair of doting parents, and therefore she was somewhat 'spoiled,' that is to say, Polly had her own way in most everything, and on occasions when she was denied this privilege—well, she behaved quite naughty, immediately indulging in her pouting spells. Sometimes she wanted too much sugar on her oatmeal—for sugar in great quantities was not good for Polly—and when her mamma shook her head Polly would angrily throw down her spoon on the table, or sometimes on the floor, and stick her lips out dreadfully. Again, Polly would insist on running out in the rain without overshoes and waterproof on, and when her mamma objected to such conduct the little girl would slam the door and make a hideously ugly mouth.

One day while playing in the park with several little friends she refused to give up the skipping rope lent her by one of them. As the child insisted, Polly lost her temper, and flinging the rope on the ground stamped her feet to give vent to her rage. When she turned around to see the effect of her act her face was distorted by the ugliest frown over her blue eyes, and a hideous pout puckered her lips.

A sweet-faced lady sitting on one of the benches near by had been watching the scene with interest. She was the mother of one of Polly's little playmates.

'Please come here,' said the lady, holding out a hand toward Polly. But Polly drew back, pouting still. 'I don't wish to go to you,' she said quite saucily, tossing her curls again. Then she wrinkled her forehead in another scowl.

'But if you knew that I have a fairy story to tell would you come?' persisted the lady, still smiling sweetly on Polly.

Now, of all things in the world Polly loved fairy stories best. The temptation was too much for her to withstand. She edged herself nearer and nearer the bench, not wishing to go at once, for that would look as though she were 'giving up.'

Not appearing to notice Polly's naughtiness the lady began: 'Once upon a time,' (all fairy stories begin this way, you know), 'there dwelt in this city a little girl who was at times very naughty. She did not realize that her elders knew better than she what was for her own good. If she were denied a single thing she desired she would make such terrible faces, scowling

THE LITTLE GIRL WOULD SLAM THE DOOR AND MAKE A MOUTH.

and pouting, that after a few years her visage became terribly marked and hideously ugly to look upon. This made other children fear her, and even grown up people avoided her on account of her bad temper and selfish ways. 'Just look at her face!' everybody would say. 'It is ruined by scowls and pouts!' For, you know, scowling, frowning and pouting will mark the face dreadfully if continued.'

'Do they mark like smallpox?' asked Polly, deeply moved.

'Oh, yes,' even worse,' assured the lady. 'But to continue my story: All through life this little girl was left to her own companionship, for no other child would play with her, she was so selfish and ugly-faced. Then she grew up, and grown people avoided her as much as the children had done. She grew to be a regular old witch, with no friends nor companions. And it all happened through her being a naughty little girl, for good people grow from good children and bad people grow from naughty little ones.'

The lady paused and looked at Polly intently. Polly glanced up, and, understanding the point of the story, her lips quivered and her blue eyes filled with tears. Impulsively she flung her arms about the sweet lady's neck and sobbed out. 'I'll never, never pout nor frown again. I don't wish to frighten other children away from me, nor I don't want to become an ugly old witch when I am grown up.'

And the good lady, who knew that the fault of Polly's naughtiness was not wholly due to herself, but to over-indulgent parents, took the sorry little girl on her knee and soothed her, saying: 'Now dry your pretty eyes and listen to another fairy tale I have in mind.

'Once upon a time there was another little girl, who was so very, very naughty that she was spoiling her life and sending away from her all tenderness, sympathy and love. Well, a fairy in the woods whispered about it to this little girl one day, and warned her of the future, when she, like the other naughty little girl, would have no friends, and would become an ugly old witch. So, never having been warned before, the little girl had been in ignorance of the wrong she was willfully doing herself. She gladly took the advice of the woods fairy and mended her ways, becoming a model of sweetness and unselfishness.'

An hour later Polly ran home to her mother, who was surprised to see such a beautiful smile on her little girlie's face, and to note the sparkle of happiness in her blue eyes. 'Oh, mamma,' she cried, leaping into her mother's lap, 'I shall never, never pout again. And I'll have such lots of fun and

friends, for I shall always consider others' pleasures before my own.' —'Brooklyn Eagle.'

### The Rubber Cat's Story.

It seems to me long years ago
Since I, a kitten gay,
Was bought for two and sixpence that
I saw a mother pay.

She gave me to the Baby, oh!
Alas, alas, for me!
It sucked and bit me all the day,
Till I have holes, you see.

One ear is fairly 'chumped' away,
My tail is eaten thin;
But baby doesn't seem to mind,
Or think it any sin.

I hear them talk of teething, and
They say, 'Poor Baby Pet!'
But as to all I suffer—well,
They seem to just forget!
—'Our Little Dots.'

### The Little Four Marys.

The little four Marys, who always live in the same body, and seldom agree, were not pleased the other night. Their mother was going to prayer-meeting, and as she went out she said, 'I want you to go to bed at half-past seven to-night, Mary; you were up late last evening.'

'Now, that's too bad,' said Mary Wilful, 'I'm not tired.' 'Nor I, 'Nor I,' cried Mary Lazy and Mary Selfish. They all expected Mary Loving would want to do as her mother said; but at first she was quiet. She had meant to crochet a little, after the lessons were done.

Soon some small words were whispered in her ear—'He pleased not himself, and you said you wanted to be like him,'

'Let's go to bed; it's half-past seven now. We ought to mind mamma,' she said.

'Now, I just won't,' said Mary Wilful.

'Mamma only wants to get us out of the way before she comes home,' said Mary Selfish.

'She thinks I'm sleepy, and I ain't!' said Mary Lazy; but as she spoke her eyes drooped.

Now, it was hard for Mary Loving to insist on doing what she hated to do, but the little voice still whispered, 'Shall I take up my cross daily?' 'I haven't had many crosses to-day,' she thought. And then she spoke with all her heart; 'Let's mind mamma; she's always right, and we ought to mind her, anyway. I do begin to feel tired.'

'Well, so do I, a little,' said Mary Lazy.

Mary Wilful and Mary Selfish did not mean to give up; but something was drawing veils over their eyes and their thoughts, too; so they let Mary Loving lead them to bed. When all the rest were asleep Mary Loving said: 'Dear Christ, forgive this naughty girl who wanted to please herself, and help her—help her——' She was too sleepy for the rest, but he knew.—'Wellspring.'

### It is Well To Think.

Mother was working in the flower garden. 'Harold,' she said, 'will you bring mother the big flower-pot that is in the shed?'

Harold ran to the shed, but soon came back without the flower-pot. 'It is so big, I was afraid I would break it, mother,' he said.

'I can get it,' cried Jennie, who was a whole year younger. And she ran out and soon came back, wheeling the big flower-pot in Harold's express waggon.

'I could have done that if I had thought of that way,' said Harold.

'Any one could do it after the way had been thought of,' said mother, 'but Jennie thought of the way.'—Little Workers.

### Little Jeanette.

A beautiful German story relates how one day a little girl named Jeanette witnessed a great army review. Thousands upon thousands of spectators crowded around the stand, before which the emperor was to watch the passing regiments. While Jeanette was seated in the stand she saw an old, feeble woman trying very hard to get where she could see.

The little German girl said to herself, 'It is not right for me to sit here, when I am strong and well and can stand, while that poor, feeble old woman can see nothing. I ought to honor old age, as I want some one to honor me when I am old.' Then she gave up her seat to the old woman, and went and stood up in the crowd.

But while Jeanette was standing upon her tiptoes, trying in vain to see, a courtier of the emperor, covered with gold lace, elbowed his way to her side and said, 'Little girl, her majesty would be pleased to see you in the royal box.'

When the abashed child stood before the empress, she graciously said, 'Come here, my daughter, and sit with me. I saw you give up your seat to that old woman; and now you must remain by my side.'

So God honors those who honor his servants. God especially honors those who honor the aged and seemingly helpless disciples, whose earthly pilgrimages are nearly ended.—Selected.

### "Don't!"

'Don't pull my tail!' said Kittie Black to Baby.
'You think it's fun—perhaps for you it may be;
For me it's most unpleasant,
And you're tugging hard at present—
Don't pull my tail!' said Kitten Black to Baby.

'Don't pinch my ears!' said Kitten Gray to Baby.
'You'd find it hurt, if you could Kitten Gray be.
It stings me through and through —it
Isn't nice of you to do it—
Don't pinch my ears!' said Kitten Gray to Baby.

'Don't squeeze my ribs!' said Kitten White to Baby.
'What fun can there in jamming me all day be?
I don't think you'd be pleased so
If your little sides were squeezed so—
Don't squeeze my ribs!' said Kitten White to Baby.

'Don't tease us!' said the kittens all to Baby.
'But kind and mild and gentle in your play be;
For any pleasure that is
Pain for a little cat is
A pleasure which is bad for little Baby.'
—Parlin Page, in 'Youth's Companion.'

### Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost.

# Correspondence

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—We get the 'Messenger' at our Sunday school, and I like reading the stories. I am thirteen years old, and am in the fourth book. This is a very pretty place in the summer, the trees look so pretty. There are three parks here, and the band plays twice a week. There are thirteen girls in my Sunday school class, and we have a very nice teacher; she gave us little tenth boxes, and we opened them to-day, and had seven dollars in them altogether.

D. C.

F., Nfld.

Dear Editor,—As you were so kind to print spelling. We have a new teacher, and we like him very much. I have read quite a number of books, among which are, 'Black Beauty,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Our Bessie,' 'Basket of Flowers,' 'Hedge Fence.'

BERT LAKE.

P. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—A few books that I have read are, 'Over the Rocky Mountains,' 'Away in the Wilderness,' 'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Walter and his Nurse,' 'Birdie's Champion,' 'Gipsy Dick,' and 'Lost in the Forest,' and others.

JOHNNY NELSON.

K., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I do not take the 'Messenger,' but I get it at Sunday school. I think it is a very nice paper.

I go to school all the time. The teacher I went to before last midsummer went away at not turn out very well because it was a very stormy day, and the scholars did not get there.

PHOEBE HYLAND.

L., Kans., U. S.

Dear Editor,—For three years there has been a Corn Carnival in a grove not far from here. The first year they had Silver day the first day, and Gold day the next. They had white corn to represent silver, and yellow corn to represent gold. They had the stands decorated with corn. They had nice parades. They had a Queen day one day and a King day the next. There were prizes given the first year for different things made of corn. On the first day two dollars was given for the best cake made of white cornmeal, and two dollars the next for the best yellow corn cake. My mamma took the prize both days. Last year a prize was given for the prettiest little dress made of crepe paper. The prize was a half pound of nice perfume, and my sister got the prize. It was marked four dollars and a half. It was the highest prize given. They had a nice merry-go-round there. We had lots of fun.

FLORENCE CLARK (12).

N. O., Sask.

Dear Editor,—When I last wrote I was living in Ottawa, but we have since moved out here. I like the 'Messenger' so well that I should feel lonesome if I did not take it now. I go to school. I expect that the school will close for the winter soon.

HETTIE KERR.

H., N.B.

Dear Editor,—I could not do without the 'Messenger.' I keep them sewed together, and I have about one hundred and fifty now. I am eleven years old, and am in grade VII. at school. I saw a riddle in the 'Messenger,' which was: Why is the letter K like a pig's tail? Ans: Because it is at the end of pork. Vishnu G. Govande sends three riddles. I can guess two of them. When is coffee like the earth? Ans: When it is ground. What is full of holes, yet holds water? Ans.: A sponge.

Here is a riddle: If butter is twenty-six cents a pound, how much can I get for one cent and a quarter?

I am trying to get some signers for the 'Northern Messenger.' Hoping to soon see some answers to my riddle.

MORTON MacMICHAEL.

Dear Editor,—As soon as I get the 'Messenger' I nearly always turn to the 'Boys' and Girls' page first, and then to the 'Correspondence' page. I am very fond of reading, and have read, 'Who Shall Serve,' 'Sissie,' 'Violet Vaughan,' 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and a great many others. I think the answer to Mona Johnson's puzzle, Why is the letter K. like a pig's tail? is, Because it is the end of pork. I will close with a conundrum: Why is the letter S. like a sewing machine?

VIOLA AGNEW.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Faithful Fido.' Barbara McPherson (13), G. A., C. B.
2. 'Camel.' Willie Gerrie (10), I., Ont.
3. 'Just too late.' Percy Genford Gerry (10), A., N.D.
4. 'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.' Eunice Sinclair (11), G. F., Me., U.S.
5. 'Ostrich.' Jimmy Jewell (11), S.F., Ont.
6. 'Bird.' Nellie Gidley, P., Ont.
7. 'Hall Clock.' L. Rear Stewart (12), C., Ont.

my other letter I thought I would write again. Well, the more I take the 'Messenger' the more I like to read it. My favorite page is the correspondence page. Christmas is very near now, and everyone here is preparing for it.

Before Christmas I studied for the Primary Examination of the Council of Higher Education. I was sick the year before and could not take it. My subjects are English grammar and composition, geography, penmanship, arithmetic, algebra, object lessons, freehand drawing, hygiene, literature and reading and Christmas, and we presented her with a gold stick pin.

The subjects I like best at school are: Reading, writing, grammar and geography. The books I have read are: 'Aesop's Fables,' 'Uncle Robert's Geography,' 'The Wide, Wide World,' 'Alice in Wonderland,' and others. I live on a farm. I don't think I would like to live in the city. I am more fond of animals than anything else on the farm. I have a little colt which I can lead to any place. I have two brothers and three sisters. I am ten years old. We had a school concert. It did

## NORTHERN MESSENGER PREMIUMS

A reliable and handsome Fountain Pen, usually sold at $2.00, manufactured by Sandford & Bennett, New York, given to 'Messenger' subscribers for a list of five new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40 cents each.

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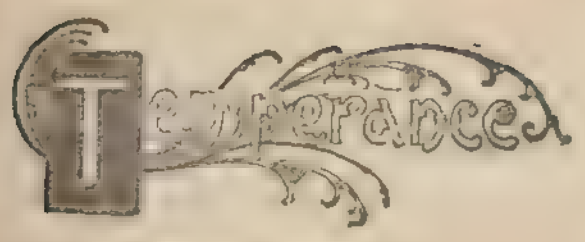


## The Big Wheel.

(Mary Magdalen Forrester, in the 'National Temperance Advocate.')

See, now, the wheel of the traffic keeps grinding
Greedily, noisily whirling away;
Round the limbs of the Empire all stealthily winding
A chain, which grows longer and stronger each day.
Bustling and heedless, the crowd onward rushes,
Plucking at pleasure and snatching at gold,
And the great wheel grinds on all unchecked while it crushes
The lives that were fair and the hearts that were bold.
Mangling and maiming them one by one
The wheel on the traffic grinds on and on!

On whirls the wheel—from the rushing crowd snatching
The gifted, the richest, the fairest and best;
Up to its spikes with a cruel laugh, catching,
The singer of song, and the maker of jest.
Stretching the dimple of innocent gladness
Into a grimace, a groan, or a leer;
Whirling the song into shriekings of madness,
Crushing the courage to shrinking and fear.
Snatching and catching them one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the grain, which the summer sun ripened
To full luscious glory—the earth's golden wealth;
Out comes the liquor—the working-man's stipend,
Which robs him of manhood, of pleasure, of health.
In drops the grapes, with their life-giving nectar,
The beautiful fruits of the rich trailing vine;
Out flows the wine, where there moveth a spectre
Of death which lies low in its bubble and shine.
Stealing the land-jewels one by one—
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on!
In tumbles wealth with a gleam and a glitter—
Great bags of gold that are full to the rim;
Out comes black poverty, loathsome and bitter,
Gaunt staring hunger, all naked and grim;
In creepeth genius with noble thought scaling
The heights of the mighty, the summit of fame;
Out rushes madness, with curses and wailing,
Great intellects shattered, and brain all aflame.
Bright talents blasting one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes a laughing maid, sparkling with beauty,
Eyes fair with innocence, brow smooth with youth;
Out comes a hag, lost to virtue and duty,
Cursing at innocence, railing at truth
In goes a boy, true of heart and clean handed,
Born to inherit the treasures of right—
Out sneaks a thief with his name thickly branded,
To walk in the shade of despair's black night.
Youth's blossoms withering one by one,
The wheel of the traffic goes on and on.

In goes the mother, her gentle eyes lighted
With love for her little ones, rosy and sweet,
Out comes the fiend, and the children affrighted,
Shiver and shake at the sound of her feet.
In goes the father—the sturdy bread-winner,
Whose worth and affection the long years have proved;
Out comes the murderer—earth's greatest sinner,
His hand stained with blood of the child he once loved.
Crushing God's little lambs one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

In goes the patriot, warm with ambition,
The lover of country, the valiant and strong;
Out comes the schemer, all black with sedition,
The worker of evil the spreader of wrong.
In goes the preacher, all pure and God-fearing,
Heaven's zealous servant—with faith in his breast;
Out comes the infidel, scoffing and sneering,
At faith and religion, and all that is blest.
Slaying God's holy souls one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

On and still on through the march of the ages,
Dotting the land with the suicides' graves;
Tracing black stories on history's pages,
Changing the freemen to cowards and slaves.
Ever and ever that shameful chain winding,
Till one day the nation shall turn from its play,
To find in the wheel that keeps grinding and grinding,
The glories of Empire have rotted away.
Weak'ning our country's powers one by one,
The wheel of the traffic grinds on and on.

## The Cigarette Poison.

How deadly a poison the nicotine of the cigarette is, is thus described by Dr. J. J. Kellogg, of Battle Creek, Mich., as the results of experiments recently made by him: 'A few months ago I had all the nicotine removed from a cigarette, making a solution out of it. I injected half the quantity into a frog, with the effect that the frog died almost instantly. The rest was administered to another frog with like effect. Both frogs were full grown and of average size. The conclusion is evident that a single cigarette contains poison enough to kill two frogs. A boy who smokes twenty cigarettes a day his inhaled enough poison to kill forty frogs. Why does the poison not kill the boy? It does kill him. If not immediately, he will die sooner or later of weak heart, Bright's disease, or some other malady which scientific physicians everywhere now recognize as the natural results of chronic nicotine poisoning.'

Is it not an appalling sight to see so many young men, many of them mere lads, deliberately and persistently inhaling imbecility, disease and death by smoking cigarettes.

## The Moderation to One Man is Excess to Another.

Moderation in regard to the use of intoxicating drinks is very imperfectly understood. That which is moderation to one man is excess to another. That which is moderation to-day proves to-morrow an excess in the case of the same individual. One regards moderation as the occasional use of liquor in small quantities. Another regards it as the daily use of it in any quantities short of getting into a state of intoxication. No one can draw a line forming the boundary between moderation and excess, hence the passing of hundreds of thousands of our fellow men annually, almost unawares to themselves, from the former state to the latter. The regular use of liquors, whether in small or large quantities, is a most dangerous and deceitful practice, for it is the broad way that leads into the horrid region of intemperance, where licentiousness, wretchedness, shame and death reign. Is not the word moderation wrongly applied when used in connection with intoxicating drinks? What is moderation? Is it not the right use of things beneficial, and total abstinence from things injurious? If so, and I believe the definition will bear investigation, I maintain that the only moderation possible in regard to intoxicating drinks as common beverages is total abstinence.—'National Advocate.'

## A Stirring Speech.

I do not cast a reflection upon persons engaged, unhappily for themselves, in the retail distribution of drink, but if it were my duty to do so I should most earnestly adjure the Catholic parents of Ireland, whether they be licensed traders or not, never to put their sons to that business, save as a last resource! I should implore the Catholic youth of Ireland, if my words could reach them, not to go into that business even when they think it is a last resource. Let the manufacturers make money in millions, if they will; let them be the welcome guests of royalty because of their success in its manufacture; let rich brewers be ennobled by the score because the powers that be so will it; but let the respectable, self-supporting, State-supporting Catholic citizens of Belfast follow the example of their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and leave the exacting work of drink distribution to be attended to by those who reap nine-tenths of the profits and all the honors of the Belfast trade. Let the wife's emaciated frame, the widow's penury, the father's grey hairs bowed down in sorrow to the grave, and the orphan's destitution, be placed to the debit of those who are the first cause, and let the Catholics of Belfast claim a fitting share in the great world-enterprises for which Belfast is becoming famous.—M. J. F. McCarthy, B.L.

## The Workmen of God.

Workman of God! O lose not heart,
But learn what God is like,
And, in the darkest battlefield,
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is on the field when He
Is most invisible.

—'National Advocate.'

## Has Six Saloons and Therefore Gets no Railroad Shops

Fitzgerald, Ga., is a town of about 4,000 population, on the Atlantic and Birmingham Railroad. It has six saloons. Not long ago an effort was made to secure the erection of the building and repair shops of the road at Fitzgerald. The president of the road, Mr. Raoul, was waited upon by a committee of citizens. The president very frankly told them that he considered Fitzgerald the most desirable place on the road for the location of the shops, from every consideration—save one. That one objection is its saloons. He stated that from past experience he would not consent to the location of the shops of the road in any community where labor is rendered unreliable by the presence of gin mills, and that, since Fitzgerald will keep its saloons, the proposition to locate a great railroad business there will not be even entertained.—'Baptist and Reflector.'

## A Centenarian Teetotaler.

Not long ago an old man died in New Jersey. He had lived three years longer than the century, and until he was ninety-seven, when he was retired on a pension, he had been a switchman on the Erie Railway. He was said to be the best switchman in the employ of the company. His habit of total abstinence had been formed in youth, and he proudly showed the pledge he had signed when Father Matthew preached temperance in Ireland. The good man had no disease. He died as a tree might die—of old age. One word that he said to his friends is worth repeating: 'I never tried to climb. I tried to do my whole duty in the humble station to which God was pleased to call me.' All honor to his memory!—'National Advocate.'

## Effective Local Prohibition.

Principal Cairns says: 'In a north of England region, in a largely filled railway carriage, I took part once in a general debate on the shutting up of public houses by act of parliament. Many spoke, but the brightest remark made was by a Scotch workman, who said: 'The best shutting up act is to shut your own mouth.'

LESSON IV.—JANUARY 28, 1906.

Mark i., 1-11.

## The Baptism of Jesus.

### Golden Text.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only.—I. Sam. vii., 3.

### Home Readings.

Monday, Jan. 22.—Mark i., 1-11.
Tuesday, Jan. 23.—Luke i., 5-23.
Wednesday, Jan. 24.—Luke i., 57-66.
Thursday, Jan. 25.—Luke i., 67-80.
Friday, Jan. 26.—Matt. iii., 1-17.
Saturday, Jan. 27.—Luke iii., 1-22.
Sunday, Jan. 28.—John i., 15-28.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

The person and mission of John the Baptist seemed like the last effort of Providence to awaken the dull and skeptical nation. His garments, his food, his very self was a powerful sermon. He preached in one of God's first temples, with a jutting rock for a pulpit, the whole dome of heaven for a sounding-board, and the river for a baptismal laver. He was a veritable Mt. Sinai. He held the mirror of the law with an unwavering hand before the guilty conscience of the people. Each class of sinners, hypocritical scribes and Pharisees, extortionate tax-gatherers, dissolute soldiers, all received their merited rebuke; multitudes submitted to the baptism of repentence.

A great audience, all Judea and Jerusalem, city and country, attended the ministry of John. Courageous sincerity is a magnet that seldom fails to draw. There was striking contrast between the appearance of the preacher and some of his auditors, at least. They were clad in embroidered robes, and wore silken and jewelled girdles and turbans. But beneath this fair and glittering exterior in many instances, was the moral filth of unregenerate natures. To succeed as John did, in extorting confession of sin from such as were priding and pluming themselves upon their ritualistic correctness, was something startling. This was the first hole drilled under the ecclesiastical establishment, the complete honeycombing of which Jesus was to effect in his own brief ministry. The whole fabric, which had been so long building, and seemed so secure, and was a refuge for those who sought emolument and power, would soon totter to its fall.

John the Baptist was careful to affirm that his mission was purely preparatory. He could not forgive nor cleanse sinners. He could only put them in the way of finding One who was mightier than himself. Well and faithfully did he perform this arduous task. His highest ambition was to be a voice crying in the wilderness, 'Prepare the way!'

When he was at the very zenith of his power, his congregations largest, and his influence widest, unexpectedly one day Jesus stood before him, requesting baptism at his hands. John started back in self-deprecation, at once recognizing and acknowledging the infinite superiority of the One who stood before him, crying, 'I have need to be baptized of Thee.' Jesus, in His reply, acknowledges that He stood under no necessity of repentance, only affirming it to be becoming for Him to fulfil this ceremonial duty, and thus identify Himself the more thoroughly with those to save whom He had come to earth. With this explanation, John no longer declined to baptize Him.

This glorious scene was a fitting inauguration of the Messiah. No earthly king ever had a more splendid or appropriate coronation. No earthly priest ever had such an installation.

### ANALYSIS AND KEY.

I—John the Baptist.
Picturesqueness of his person and ministry.
A Mt. Sinai preacher.
II—His humility.
Forefends any identification of himself with the Messiah.
His ministry preparatory.
III—Appearance of Jesus.
Request for baptism.
John's deprecation.
Jesus' affirmation of necessity for purpose of ceremonial righteousness.
John acquiesces.
IV—The scene; fit inauguration of the Messiah.

### THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

What more could the Lord have done to His vineyard (Israel) that He did not do for it? This uncompromising prophet, with his sackcloth garment and cheap diet, was the last and greatest in the long line of those who had called the Lord's people to account, and sought to prepare them to receive the Messiah. It was all in vain. The vineyard persistently brought forth wild grapes. . . . John the Baptist's revival may not have been altogether a superficial sensation. He was not responsible for it if it was. No doubt out of his converts there were many among the three thousand whom Peter added to the Church at Pentecost. . . . Preparing the Lord's way into the human heart is the most glorious work in which mortal can engage. It is at the same time the most delicate and difficult. Yet there is no enterprise in which we can engage in which we can be more certain of the approval and assistance of heaven. . . . He is a public benefactor who pushes the people to put into public statement their secret conclusions. . . . Jesus Himself did not need to repent, but He did need to show by a public sign that he was on the side of righteousness. . . . A leader must be beyond his age to pull it on, like the beast that tows the canal boat. The longer the tow the greater the speed. But the attachment must be real and practical. A detached leader is no leader at all. . . . A good modern version of Emerson's phrase is, 'Hitch your waggon to a star, but keep the wheels on the ground.' . . . . It is merely a curious question whether John's baptism was an original rite or one that he adopted. It served the same purpose in either case.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR AND EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPIC.

Luke xix., 41-48.

### HOME MISSIONS IN OUR CITIES.

Do modern cities, any more than ancient Jerusalem, know 'the things which belong to their peace?' Is not the real issue 'hidden from their eyes?' The enemies of civic righteousness are compassing the cities of to-day—and they are already in large part laid low morally—and, as in the siege of the holy city, so the children of the cities to-day are the greatest sufferers. As the population of the world becomes more and more an urban population, the problem of the city becomes the problem of the world. Save the city and you save the race. The need of city evangelization is the need of the hour. Rational methods and rational workers only should be employed. Not one method, but several simultaneously. Not one class of workers, but many of various kinds. Federation and co-operation are key-words.

## C. E. Topic.

Sunday, Jan. 28.—Topic—Home missions in our cities. Luke xix., 41-48.

## Junior C. E. Topic.

### THE CHOSEN KING.

Monday, Jan. 22.—'We will have a king.' I. Sam. viii., 19-22.

Tuesday, Jan. 23.—What God has said. Deut. xvii., 14-20.

Wednesday, Jan. 24.—The future king. I. Sam. ix., 15-17.

Thursday, Jan. 25.—His ancestors. I. Sam. ix., 1.

Friday, Jan. 26.—How he looked. I. Sam. ix., 2.

Saturday, Jan. 27.—The gathering at Mizpah. I. Sam. x., 17-19.

Sunday, Jan. 28.—Topic—A king God chose. I. Sam. x., 20-25.

## The Work of the Sunday School.

The Sunday school is not an institution created to keep children off the streets and from getting into mischief on the Lord's day. Those results doubtless come incidentally; nor is it primarily to repair the consequence of parental neglect or ignorance, though that may come as a result; but it is the institution through which the church influences and mold the hearts and the thoughts, the lives and the habits of our children and youth. Indeed, the best fruits of the school come from the homes of Christian parents who faithfully train up their children in the way in which they should go. Keeping the foregoing facts in mind, the importance of the work is seen. Immortal minds are to be molded, immortal destinies are to be directed. He who comes to a work like this without a fair appreciation of its grave responsibilities, treads impiously where angels would fear to go.—'Evangelical.'

A secular vocation is as truly a call to integrity as the ministry is to sacredness. In secular duties there need not be the secular spirit. The religion of the family altar should be the religion of the salesroom. He who will not carry his religion into his business has little to carry anywhere.—'United Presbyterian.'

## The Cradle Roll.

(Mrs. Mary Barnes Mitchell.)

Catches the babies.
Reaches the parents.
Attracts the church.
Delights the children.
Looks towards the future.
Engenders a missionary spirit.

Recruits the Sunday school.
Operates successfully.
Lays foundations.
Leads to salvation.

The one purpose of the Sunday School is to bring the youth of our families and community to Christ. Through our own holy living we may be examples for others to emulate. The Sunday school teacher and the Sunday school scholar should sustain peculiarly intimate relations. It is not enough to ask printed questions from the leaf; it is not enough to occasionally visit in the home; it is not enough to speak kindly; it is not enough to be cordial and sympathetic. Every scholar should receive personal and private direction and invitation to accept Christ. This is the work of the teacher. As far as your scholars are concerned, you can do this better than anyone else—even including the pastor. Many souls have been lost because some one did not ask them to forsake their sins. Do not make it possible for your girls to say this of you.

* * * *

The scholar should be made to feel that her teacher is specially interested in her. One way for the teacher to secure the good-will and admiration of her pupils is to be in her place, in the class, fifteen minutes before the session opens, ready to greet each one as she comes in. As a rule, scholars are early or late as their teacher is early or late. The same will apply to irregularities in attendance. Teachers who frequently absent themselves need not be surprised when their scholars fall into the same habit.

* * * *

The doctrine of environment had its deathblow in the Garden of Eden.—G. Campbell Morgan.

# HOUSEHOLD.

## The Little Lad's Answer.

('Early Days.')

Our little lad came in one day
With dusty shoes and tired feet,
His play-time had been hard and long
Out in the summer's noontide heat;
'I'm glad I'm home!' he cried, and hung
His torn straw hat up in the hall,
While in a corner by the door
He put away his bat and ball.

'I wonder why,' his auntie said,
'This little lad comes always here,
When there are many other homes
As nice as this and quite as near.'
He stood a moment deep in thought,
Then with the love-light in his eye
He pointed where his mother sat,
And said, 'She lives here, that is why!'

With beaming face the mother heard,
Her mother-heart was very glad;
A true, sweet answer he had given,
That thoughtful, loving, little lad.
And well I know that hosts of boys
Are just as loving, true, and dear,
That they would answer as he did:
''Tis home, for mother's living here.'

## How Much Better.

In closing her volume on 'Home Economics,' Miss Parloa says: 'Economics in the home should mean, above all things, that the most precious thing in it—the mother—should not be misused or wasted. She should not be burdened with the problem of living in a style beyond her means, with the result of narrowing her life and dwarfing her nature. If there must be great economy let it be in simplicity of living and dress. Do not reduce the food to the smallest amount possible for existence. Let it be simple, but well cooked and enough of it. How much better to live simply and honestly, growing broader, sweeter and happier, with each year of such home life. And the children who grow up in such an honest atmosphere, must as a consequence be better men and women than if their young lives had been poisoned with the struggle to live in a style which the family income does not warrant.'

## Wanting Him Near.

The other day I was leaving home, and I heard my little girl call her mother:

'Come, mamma! Watch me undress my doll and put her to bed.' I saw my wife give up some important work she was doing, and get down beside the child, just to watch her play with her doll. Mildred is perfectly happy when her mother is just looking on, watching her do things.

I think it should be that way between us and God. We should like to have Him watch us. We think often about getting Him to do things for us; we should find a joy even higher in doing things for Him, and being sure that He is looking on in loving sympathy. That is one way to make it certain that in the day of His final coming we shall be glad.—John Willis Baer, in the 'Christian Endeavor World.'

## Hold Up Your Head.

There is an old-fashioned rhyme which it will hurt none of us to repeat and to ponder:

Hold up your head and bridle your chin,
Turn out your toes and your stomach in.

'And your stomach in!' That is the crucial test of body excellence, and many there be that fail to meet it. It can never be done until control of the abdominal muscles is acquired, and for this control—a difficult one to acquire—every effort must be made, and all the mind directed to the effort. Here is one of the rules by which it may be accomplished: Stand in an erect position for half an hour every day, and for five or six minutes at a time practice drawing the abdomen in and letting it out.

This is one of the hardest of all things to do, and requires much patience. One will be astonished to discover at first how unresponsive the muscles are, and how next to impossible it seems to make one move. When a little flexibility has been acquired, then hold the abdomen in and lift the chest and draw down the shoulders. Keeping the shoulders down, begin again to contract and expand the abdomen. Then begin again, holding in the abdomen, lifting the chest, and drawing down the shoulders; you will find your whole body straightened as well. Nothing is strained by these movements. When the muscles have become flexible one will discover that when one leans over, even to pick something up from the floor, one no longer does so without involuntarily contracting the abdominal muscles, until day by day a greater compactness in those regions is gained, and the 'stomach' learns to do the work for itself. Its size in the meantime is reduced. Many persons have gone down several inches in the abdomen by following no other prescription than this.

To 'hold up your head' properly you must learn not to indulge in the contortions of those persons who bend the body backward, throwing the line of the spine out of gear in their well-meant efforts to get the head erect. Nothing can exceed the ugliness and the awkwardness of the result, for the whole body is thrown into abnormal lines. The proper way is this—a rule, by the way, which is given by a well-known teacher to her pupils—a teacher who combines with a knowledge of the body and its laws unusual mental endowments: Feel the ball of your feet as you stand and press the floor; then tip the body forward, using the hip-joint hinges, and without bending the spine.

The right tip has been acquired when an imaginary straight line falling from the bust would touch the ends of the toes. Then simply lift the head until the eye is brought to a place where one can look straight out from the pupils, and not from under the lids. The eye-level controls the poise of the head and regulates its relation to the spine. Walk retaining the same position, and always letting the chest be in the advance, as though one were really following that. When this rule is followed a large abdomen is concealed and almost forgotten; it is certainly never obtruded.—'AHarper's Bazar.'

## Selected Recipes.

ANGEL CREAM.—Heat to scalding point 1 pint of milk; stir in half cup sugar and three teaspoonfuls cornstarch (sifted together) and one cup grated cocoanut. Cook until thick and then lightly stir in the stiffly-beaten whites of two eggs. Pour in mold to stiffen. Serve with cream made by stewing two beaten egg yolks and half cupful sugar into three-quarters of a pint of scalding milk; cook to the consistency of cream; when cold flavor with half teaspoonful of bitter almonds or vanilla.

STUFFED ONIONS.—Any large white onion can be stuffed, but what are known as Spanish onions are usually selected for this purpose. Take those about three inches in diameter, cut off the tops and scoop out the centres, then parboil for five minutes. After draining they are ready to be filled. The stuffing may be of fine bread crumbs, boiled rice, chopped raw or cooked meat; whatever the chosen basis it should be highly seasoned and moistened with a little melted butter on the top of each, they are placed in a baking-pan, stock poured in until about an inch deep and baked in a moderate oven for an hour or more.—'Union Gospel News.'

CORNED BEEF DINNER.—A corned beef dinner is disliked by many. Try preparing it in this way. Heat the meat slowly in cold water. When scalding hot drain, add fresh cold water and keep the pot at the side of the fire all day where the water will barely bubble. Shave the cabbage, soak in cold salted water half an hour, put on the fire in plenty of boiling salted water and keep at a galloping boil for thirty minutes. Drain, pressing out the water, season and heap lightly in a hot dish. Transfer the meat to a steamer or some place where it will keep hot and moist while the potatoes are cooked in the pot liquor. Cooked in this way the meat is tender, the potatoes well flavored and the cabbage rendered as digestible as it can be when cooked.


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Positively cured by these Little Pills.

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You probably can't earn ten dollars every day taking subscriptions for 'World Wide,' but if you only did it one day it would pay you pretty well. You could spend your evenings at it to advantage anyway. You can offer remainder of this year free to new subscribers as an extra inducement. Write for free outfit. Address the Publishers of 'World Wide,' Montreal, Canada.

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MADE TO ORDER. Suits to $15.00. Jackets, Raincoats, Waists and Skirts at manufacturers' prices.
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THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets, in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall and Frederick Eugene Dougall, both of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'

# SHOW THIS COPY TO YOUR FRIENDS.

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Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday-school may have the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' in addition by sending us eighty cents with the coupon on another page.

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A large number of Cartoons by the brightest wits and truest pens have been collected from the leading publications of both hemispheres. These Cartoons give a most humorous and effective review of the interesting world-events of the year.

Look out for this Annual Cartoon Number. You will recognize it on the news stands, for the cover bears a very wise owl and a very mischievous monkey.

Ten cents a copy, post paid.

These caricatures will be sent to every one sending us this advertisement with a full subscription to 'World Wide' or to the 'Witness' while the Cartoon Number lasts.

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Postal Union Countries, other than the above, postage extra.

JOHN DOUGALL & SONS, Publishers. Montreal.


## More Jubilee Congratulations

FROM 'RALPH CONNOR.'
Winnipeg, Dec. 27, 1905.

My Dear Mr. Dougall,—

It gives me the greatest pleasure to join with many other Canadians in congratulating you upon the Jubilee of the 'Witness.' As far back as I can remember, when I was a boy in Glengarry County, the 'Witness' used to make its weekly appearance in our home in the backwoods of Indian Lands, and its coming was always the signal for jubilation. In later years I have come to appreciate the 'Witness' more fully as a power in our country making for righteousness. I consider the 'Witness' as one of the greatest, if not the greatest force in moulding public opinion in Canada. On every great moral question it has uttered itself in no uncertain way and ever on the side of right; and even in questions in which the ethical bearing is not so immediately present, the 'Witness,' by reason of its detachment from party lines and its freedom from party exigencies, has been able to exert an influence which no politician has found it wise to ignore, and which has helped many a voter, desirous of exercising his franchise in a right and independent manner, in coming to a decision. As a home paper the 'Witness' has been the friend of multitudes of children, bringing them weekly and daily cheer, stimulating thought, and always giving them a little lift towards nobler living. And one always feels safe in seeing the 'Witness' in the hands of the boys and girls. Its pages are ever free from any suspicion of taint. May I wish your paper continued success in its mission to our Canadian people, a mission, perhaps, second to none.

With very kind regards, yours very truly.

CHARLES. W. GORDON.

MR. F. S. SPENCE.
Toronto, Dec. 28, 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—

Allow me to cordially congratulate you upon the splendid sixty years of work for Canada, done by the 'Witness.' Everyone who is desirous of seeing the great Canada of the near future built wisely and well must be thankful for such forces as a daily paper, conducted on lines of high principle and sincere patriotism. The 'Witness' deserves all the success it has achieved, and more. May it long flourish and prosper to continue the splendid work in which it is engaged.

Heartily wishing you all the compliments of the season, I am, yours sincerely,

F. S. SPENCE.

FROM THE 'CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN'

Charles H. Sheldon said some time ago that the Montreal 'Witness' better fulfilled his idea of the sort of newspaper that Christ would publish than any other that he knew of. The founder of that newspaper, the sixtieth anniversary of which was celebrated recently with compliments and congratulations from all sides, is quoted as having once said: 'My ideal of a daily newspaper, conducted on religious principles—which I trust have been substantially reduced to practice—is a journal giving the news of the day, religious and secular, in a condensed form from a Christian but non-sectarian standpoint, together with original and selected reading matter upon all useful topics.' Very notably did John Dougall succeed in carrying out his ideal during his lifetime, and his accomplished son and successor is following the lead so well given. A paper that keeps its columns as clear of objectionable advertisements as the Montreal 'Witness' deserves the good words that have been said of it.

THE HON. SYDNEY FISHER,
Minister of Agriculture.
Montreal, Dec. 30, 1905.

Dear Mr. Dougall,—I wish to offer you and the 'Witness' my hearty and sincere congratulations. The 'Witness' has been my constant companion ever since I began to take any newspaper. I have looked to it for, and always found, the latest and most accurate news of the important world's doings, and found it in a concise, clear form, unclouded by reports of what is of no interest to the general reader.

I have always read with close interest and with profit the leading articles of the 'Witness.' These I have ever found inspired by principle and conviction, conceived in the best interest of the higher needs of our country.

It is the glory of the 'Witness' management that it is carried on with honesty and sincerity of purpose, and strict adherence to what it believes the right. Let me take this occasion to congratulate you on the success of this policy and to wish you long continuance and greater measure of this success.

With best regards and all good wishes of the season, I am yours sincerely.

SYDNEY FISHER.

FROM MRS. J. B. MITCHELL.
579 Spence street, Winnipeg, Man.
Dec. 27, 1905.

Messrs. John Dougall & Son,—

Dear Sirs,—May I be one of your many readers to wish you all 'The compliments of the season,' and also to congratulate your paper on attaining the 'Diamond Jubilee.' From my earliest childhood I remember the Montreal 'Witness' in my father's home, and since leaving there I have had it in our own home so that our children have always read it, too; and no doubt it has been an influence for good to them. I have felt almost a personal interest in the 'Witness,' as I used to hear my father speak of your family, and I think it was at the home of Mr. Dougall, sr., that my parents were married. My father was William Brough, of Gananoque, Ont., and my mother was Miss Elizabeth Richmond, of Paisley, Scotland. She came out in the spring of 1845 under the care of the venerable Rev. Dr. Burns, to be married to father. He met her in Montreal, the ceremony taking place on May 16.

I know that Mr. Dougall, sr., (like my father and mother) has long since passed away, but his good work goes on, and may the Montreal 'Witness' long continue to prosper, is the sincere wish of

HELEN BROUGH MITCHELL.

High School, Halifax,
Dec. 22, 1905.

Gentlemen,—I congratulate the 'Witness' on the attainment of its jubilee. It has done more to form the better kind of opinion in Canada than any other single publication. For thirty-four years I have been a subscriber, and have not failed to read a single weekly issue in that time. I turn first to its editorial pages where, with very few exceptions, I find my views on public questions that are treated already expressed. It is an educative force. Its news is always clean and well chosen.

W. T. KENNEDY,
Principal.

Dartmouth, N.S., Jan. 3, 1906.

John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office.—

Dear Sirs,—Please accept my hearty congratulations on your jubilee. I think I have taken your paper for more than two-thirds of that time, and esteem it as the best undenominational paper I know of—always clean from foul liquor advertisements.

The Good Lord prosper you more and more.

Yours very truly,
(REV.) J. W. HOWIE,
Methodist supernumerary.

# SPECIAL DIAMOND JUBILEE CLUB OFFERS.

We want each reader to send us one of the clubs below.

If each reader accomplished this, and we are sure it is possible to almost everyone—then our publications would have the largest circulation of any in the Dominion, and we would make a number of improvements without delay—improvements that each reader would immediately recognize and appreciate.

Four Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' separately addressed, worth $1.60, for only **$1.00,** three of whom must be new subscribers.

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**Note Subscribers getting up clubs are entitled to charge full subscription rates from new subscribers and to retain the difference between these and the above club rate to cover their expenses.**

**Note—One'sownsubscription does not count in this offer because it does not require canvassing.**

**Note—Those working for other premiums will not benefit by these offers.**

**Note—To stimulate further effort, and as some will find it easy to get more than three or four subscribers, we will in addition to the foregoing remarkable offers, commencing November 15th, 1905, and until further notice, award each day to the subscriber sending us in the largest amount of subscription money for our various publications on that day,**

**OUR RED LETTER COLORED PLATE ILLUSTRATED BIBLE.**

**These Bibles would appear to be good value at four dollars each.**

If there should happen to be a tie for the largest amount in any given day the premium will be awarded to the one farthest away, because his remittance will have been mailed earlier than the other.

NOTE.— Sunday-School Clubs for the 'Messenger' will not count under this offer because they are not secured individually; because usually no one in particular is properly entitled to the premium; and because they are generally large, and to include them would only discourage those working up small individual lists. Neither will remittances count from news agents, from publishers, or from any one who is not a subscriber to one of our publications.

Those who prefer, instead of working on the basis of the above Club offers, may take subscriptions for any of our publications at the full rates, and we will allow a commission of twenty-five percent (one quarter) on renewal subscriptions and fifty percent (one half) on new subscriptions. But these terms are only available for those sending Five dollars or more at a time.

NOTE.—New subscribers are people who have not been readers of our publications, or who have not for at least two years lived in homes where they have been taken.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, 'Witness' Building, Montreal.


## MAIL BAG.

Schenectady, N.Y., Dec. 30, 1905.
Dear Old 'Witness':—

Fair fa' your honest, clever face
Chieftain o' the paper race;
Weel are ye wordy of a' praise
As lang's my arm.

I am a subscriber for some years in this country, and in my native land (Canada). Several times I have put you in the hands of my friends here, especially of the W. C. T. U., and all were pleased with your contents. May you have many returns of your jubilee is the sincere wish of

Yours truly,
MISS MARY J. JOHNSTONE.

Lewiston, Me., Dec. 26, 1905.

Dear Sirs,—I have taken the 'Northern Messenger' for almost forty years. Although we are drawing near the end of life's journey, I feel I want the 'Messenger' to the last. In that period of time I seem to realize that it must have been a rich blessing to many a weary heart and many homes. The many beautiful stories in connection with the Christian life, the rich religious experiences, must have been a means of building up Christ's cause and kingdom on earth.

I wish you a happy and prosperous New Year.

Yours sincerely,
C. Y. WALTON.

Kingston, Ont.

Dear Sirs,—Please find enclosed subscription for the 'Daily Witness.' It has afforded me and my family very great pleasure to have your valuable paper daily visit our home for years. I appreciate its high standing, commercially, politically and spiritually. I congratuate you on this Diamond Jubilee year, and may you long live to have the honor of being an inspiration to humanity.

Yours fraternally,
WM. CRAIG,
Methodist minister.

Quebec, Jan. 2, 1906.

Dear Sirs,—Kindly continue the 'Witness' and 'World Wide, both are indispensable in my home—the former for the independent stand it takes in morals, and in educating the people of Canada to become an example to the world in temperance. 'World Wide' keeps its reader posted upon the political, scientific, literary, and other topics of the world, it is world wide in every sense.

Wishing you a successful year, and a long life. I remain yours very truly.
(HON.) RICHARD TURNER.

Brockville, Ont., Dec. 30, 1905.

Gentlemen,—As an humble subscriber for the 'Weekly Witness' for a good many years, allow me to congratulate you on the occasion of your Diamond Jubilee, as I believe among newspapers the 'Witness' stands in the front rank for its fair and honest editorials and faithfulness to high principle.

Wishing you a prosperous New Year, yours truly. JOHN CARUTH.


## ONE-SYLLABLE SERIES
### For Young Readers.

Embracing popular works arranged for the young folks in words of one syllable. Printed from extra large, clear type, on fine paper, and fully illustrated by the best artists. The handsomest line of books for young children before the public.

Handsomely bound in cloth and gold, illuminated sides,

1. Aesop's Fables, 62 illustrations. 2. A Child's Life of Christ, 49 illustrations. 4. The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. 70 illustrations. 5. Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, 46 illustrations. 6. Swiss Family Robinson. 50 illustrations. 7. Gulliver's Travels, 50 illustrations. 9. A Child's Story of the Old Testament, 33 illustrations. 10. A Child's Story of the New Testament, 40 illustion. 11. Bible Stories for Little Children, 41 illustrations. 12. The Story of Jesus, 40 illustrations.

Every subscriber sending his own subscription to the 'Northern Messenger' with two new subscriptions at 40 cents each, or $1.20 in all, will entitle the sender to a choice of one of these most interesting books.

## OUR BEST CLUB.

**'Northern Messenger' and**
**The 'Weekly Witness' and 'Canadian Homestead.**

The above papers are sent to one address every week for only $1.20. Try them for a year.

Those who receive the 'Northern Messenger' through their Sunday School may have the benefit of this reduced rate by remitting eighty cents and the forty cent coupon herewith making $1.20 in all for the above papers.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
'Witness' Building, Montreal.

THIS COUPON IS WORTH FORTY CENTS

As I get the 'Northern Messenger' through our Sunday school I am entitled to enjoy the benefit of the attached club at $1.20. I, therefore, enclose this coupon and eighty cents to secure the 'Weekly Witness and Canadian Homestead' for one year and complete my club.

NAME .....
ADDRESS .....
POST OFFICE .....

# A FEW MOST EXCELLENT PREMIUMS

## To Stimulate Activity in Greatly Extending Our Circulation.

After examining a large number of articles, we selected the following as being the most attractive and desirable Premiums that could possibly be offered. They are all such as will add to the attractiveness of the home; some by way of usefulness and beauty, others by way of joy and merriment. For instance, the game 'Din,' and our Stereoscope will be like 'bundles of joy' and 'loads of fun.' If any one member of a family got to work at once, these premiums might be easily earned one after another. How much more quickly if several members of the family started out. And the friends who subscribed for any of the 'Witness' publications, would have full value—and might be invited to enjoy the game and stereoscope, too. Other premiums will be announced next week.

### New Subscribers.

When new subscribers are stipulated it means absolutely bona fide new subscribers. That is, people in whose homes the paper subscribed for has not been taken within the past two years, or whose name appears in our subscription list of two years ago. We only need to make this matter plain to have it faithfully carried out by our canvassers.

### Renewals.

In all of the following offers two renewal subscriptions will be accepted instead of one new one, and one subscription to the 'Weekly Witness,' or 'World Wide,' will count as two for the 'Northern Messenger.' One reason is that renewals are not difficult to get, but the chief reason is that renewal subscriptions are our main support, and therefore we have to depend upon them.

Those working for the following premiums must, of course, send full rates for each subscription—and must mark NEW or RENEWAL opposite each.

## "DIN."

### Very Funny.

This is the very latest and the funniest game yet devised. It consists of eighty cards representing the animals and fowls found in a barnyard.

The unique feature of the game is the mirth created by the various players in their attempts to imitate the cries of the different animals. The result is a side-splitting din. Just the game for these long winter evenings.

Full directions for playing sent with each game.

Any subscriber can have this great game of DIN free of charge who send $1.60 for four subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' three of which must be new.

## A Trip Around the World

BY MEANS OF

## Laughable, Interesting and Beautiful Colored Views.

from all parts of the world. This trip will be enjoyed by young and old, and can be taken at small expense.

By an arrangement with the manufacturers, we are able to purchase this handsome Outfit at a price that permits us to make our readers a very liberal premium proposition. This Outfit consists of the following:

ONE STEREOSCOPE, with aluminum hood, and bound with dark, rich, red velvet. The frame is of fine finished cherry, with sliding bar holding the views, and with a potent folding handle.

COLORED VIEWS, made by a special process, a combination of lithographing and half-tone work, handsomely colored in natural effects. The objects in the pictures are shown in relief—not flat like an ordinary picture—and are so natural that you imagine you are right on the scene looking at them in reality. You will take as much pleasure in showing these views to others as you do in admiring them yourself.

**HERE ARE THE TWO BEST PREMIUM PROPOSITIONS WE HAVE EVER MADE.**

OUTFIT NO. 1.—Consists of one best Stereoscope and 24 colored views, and will be given to those sending us $4.00 for ten subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger,' six of which must be absolutely new subscribers. For every subscription short of required number add 25c each.

OUTFIT NO. 2.—Consists of fifty views, and our best Stereoscope will be given for fifteen subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, eight of which must be new.

These Stereoscopes must not be supposed to be the cheapest kind usually peddled in the country. The cheap kind was offered us also, but we knew our subscribers would appreciate the best. The difference in price is chiefly due to the superior lense used.

We mail to any address in Canada or United States post paid.

## CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE SERIES.

(By J. H. WILLARD.)

handsomely bound. These Bible Stories cannot fail to stimulate in young people a desire for a further knowledge of the Scriptures.

The language is within the comprehension of youthful readers. Each story is complete by itself. The books will make attractive holiday gifts.

For three or more absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, one may select one of the following books, or the books will all be sent to the remitter of the club, if so directed.

'The Boy Who Obeyed'—The Story of Isaac.
'The Farmer'—The Story of Jacob.
'The Favorite Son'—The Story of Joseph.
'The Adopted Son'—The Story of Moses.
'The Boy General'—The Story of Joshua.
'The Boy at School'—The Story of Samuel.
'The Shepherd Boy'—The Story of David.
'The Boy Who Would be King' — The Story of Absalom.
'The Captive Boy'—The Story of Daniel.
'The Boy Jesus.'

## REVERSIBLE SMYRNA RUG.

Size 2½ x 5 feet.

These Handsome Smyrna Rugs are made of the best wool dyed in fast colors and reversible, being same on both sides. They are of the popular size, 2½ x 5 feet, and are made up in Oriental Medallion and Floral Patterns. Great taste and harmony characterize the coloring. Having made a contract with the manufacturer to supply us with these Rugs at a very low price we are able to offer them on very reasonable terms. Though this Rug would be cheap at four dollars in any of the city carpet stores, we will give it away to any subscriber sending fourteen absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each. For every subscription short of the required number add 25c cash. That is, if the club raiser can only get ten at 40c, he will have to send one dollar extra.

The express charges will be collected of the receiver of the Rug by the Express Company, which can be ascertained as the weight being under eight pounds.

Each new subscriber will receive in addition a copy of our '1905 in Caricature,' being a selection of about a hundred and fifty of the best cartoons on the most important events of the year.

## ONE-PIECE LACE CURTAIN

### With Lambrequin Throwover.

This is the very latest thing in Lace Curtains and is a decided novelty, having a Lambrequin Throwover, the entire Curtain being woven in one piece. This Curtain is strongly made, having overlock edges, while the design is of a neat and dainty floral pattern.

This unique Curtain fits one window, being 4 yards long and 60 inches wide, divided down the centre. It will at once appeal to the housewife whose attempt at artistic arrangement has often proved an unsatisfactory and trying task. Simply throw the Lambrequin top over the pole facing it outward, drape back the sides and it is complete.

One pair of these Lambrequin Curtains will be given for a club of five absolutely new subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each, post paid, to any address in Canada or the United States.

## THE SWEET STORY OF OLD.

### A LIFE OF CHRIST FOR CHILDREN.

This CHILD'S LIFE OF CHRIST, by Mr. Haskell, with an introduction by the Ven. Archdeacon Farrar, D.D., for children, and its many beautiful illustrations, makes a very attractive volume. The experience of many mothers has proved that even from earliest years, the heart of childhood is capable of being moved by the 'Sweet Story of Old.'

This book has 31 illustrations, six in colors, by artists who realize that the picture is as important as the printed page, and have made this part of the book an important feature. The book measures 5½x7½ inches, and is printed from large, clear type, on an extra good quality of paper. The cover is in cloth, beautifully decorated in gold and colors, with title on the side and back, making a very attractive looking book.

We will give a copy of this beautiful book, post paid, for only three subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger' at 40c each.

## NOTTINGHAM LACE BED SET.

### Consisting of Three Pieces.

THIS VERY HANDSOME BEDROOM SET consists of one Lace Bed Spread, size 72 by 84 inches, and one pair of Lace Pillow Shams, each 24 by 34 inches. This Set is a reproduction from a real Nottingham design, overlook edges, with ribbon effect, and Fleur de Lys centre.

**READ OUR VERY LIBERAL PROPOSITION.**

The complete Set, consisting of Bed Spread and Two Pillow Shams, will be sent post paid, for only Ten New Yearly Subscriptions to the 'Northern Messenger, at 40c each.